



No. 67

A NEW WINNER!
BOY COMMANDOS



The BATMAN

Detective

SEPT.

COMICS

10¢



BATMAN AND ROBIN
BATTLE THE
PENGUIN
IN A HIGH-FLYING
SUPER-ACTION EPIC

"CRIME'S EARLY BIRD"

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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America



S.O.S. RADIO PATROL

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

When four Boy Scouts of Radio Patrol Troop Nine pitched their tent on an island in Lazy River, they were all set for some weeks of delightful camping. They had grand plans—but these did not include a flood!

The rise of the swollen river gave ominous warning, but the Scouts felt perfectly safe on their island. When the dam above them gave way, they knew they were in danger. The angry waters threatened to submerge their island. Their short-wave radio was dead and they had to find a way to escape while their boat was still afloat.

But across the swollen river the farmer's family was in grave danger. The boys would not save themselves without attempting to rescue the women and children whose house was threatened with destruction.

How, by quick-thinking and courage, they managed that rescue, and how, finally, they got their frantic S.O.S. through to Scout Headquarters makes a story full of thrills and interest. It is full of real adventure and fine scouting, too.

This is a new book. Ask your librarian for it.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

PREN CQN JGRB CQN JGN FRCQ KXWMB JWM
BCJVYB!

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE ANGELS HAVE WINGS... BUT
BIRD PENGUIN, THAT LUDICROUS
BIRD OF ILL OMEN, IS NO ANGEL...
AND SO HE HAS TO BORROW
PINIONS WHEN HE TAKES A
FLIER IN AS FANTASTIC A
DESIGN FOR CRIME AS EVER!
AN EVIL BRAIN CONCEIVED!
FACED WITH BAFFLING FLOCKS
OF FEATHERED FELONS, THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN SOAR
TO NEW HEIGHTS OF HEROISM,
TAXING THEIR NIMBLE WITS
AND AGILE MUSCLES TO THE
LIMIT TO CLIP THE WINGS OF...
"CRIME'S EARLY BIRD!"

BOB KANE



SPRING... AND THE BIRDS RETURN TO
GOTHAM CITY...

LOOK, BRUCE...
I'VE SEEN THIS
YEAR. WE ROBINS
ARE EARLY BIRDS.
ALL RIGHT!

YOU'RE NO
EARLY BIRD
WHEN IT
COMES TO
GETTING UP
FOR
SCHOOL!

ELSEWHERE, EDUCATED BIRDS PERFORM FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THEATER AUDIENCES...

WHILE NAUGHTY JACKDAWS STEAL NECKLACES OUT OF BOX, THIS FELLA TELL US HOW MANY IS FIVE AND SEVEN!

AWRK...!
FIVE AND
SEVEN ARE
TWELVE,
CHUM!

...AND A FLY-BY-NIGHT CHARACTER WELL KNOWN TO THE POLICE...THE WILY PENGUIN...WATCHES THROUGH SMOKED GLASSES!

PRESENTLY...AS WEALTHY BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON NEAR THE THEATER DISTRICT...

LISTEN... SHOOTING!

THERE GOES OUR QUIET EVENING AT THE THEATER!

BANG!

OUTER GARMENTS DISCARDED IN A TWINKLING, THE TWO BECOME THOSE CAPE FIGURES OF NIGHT...BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!

I'D RATHER PUT ON THIS KIND OF SHOW ANY TIME!

TO TELL THE TRUTH, ROBIN, SO WOULD I!

WELL, WELL...
LOOK WHO'S HERE! HI, BOYS!
NEED ANY HELP?

WHAT'D WE DO TO DESERVE THIS?

YOU'RE LOUIE THE LIP... OR AM I MAKING A MISTAKE?

IT'S MY MISTAKE FOR BEIN' HERE!

I'M GONNA RUB OUT ONE MISTAKE RIGHT NOW!

HOTFOOT HARRY, I BELIEVE!

CLOAKED CRIMINALS LOB SING HI-LO!

JAILBIRDS AND STAGE BIRDS! ANY OTHER AROUND?



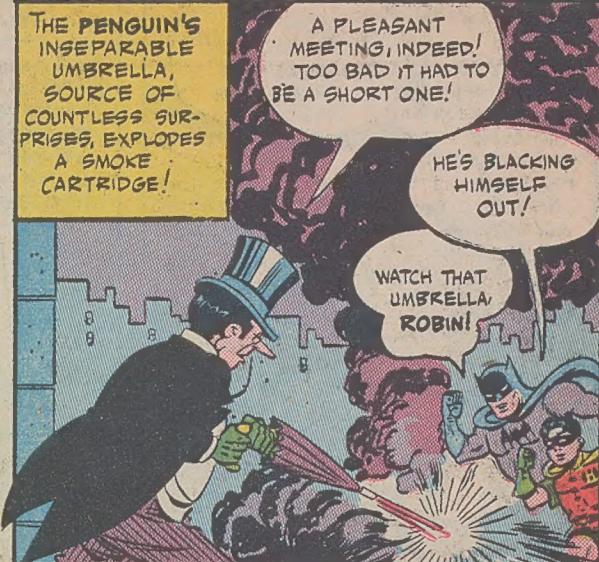
ENTER THE
MAN OF A
THOUSAND
UMBRELLAS!

THE OTHER...
BATMAN...THE
SMARTEST
BIRD OF ALL!

THE
PENGUIN!



THE PENGUIN'S
INSEPARABLE
UMBRELLA,
SOURCE OF
COUNTLESS SUR-
PRISES, EXPLODES
A SMOKE
CARTRIDGE!



I'VE
GOT ONE
OF
THEM!

HANG
ON, TIGHT!



BUT WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...

WE'LL
TAKE
HIM
TO JAIL
AND...
HUH?
IT'S
SING
HI
LO!

FINE STUFF!
YOU
GLAB SING
WHILE
CLIMINAL
LOBBERS
ESCAPE!

THEY ESCAPED,
ALL RIGHT...
BUT WE'LL
REMEMBER
THEM!



A FEW DAYS LATER AT THE
BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

NOT YET.
THE PENGUIN
IS PROBABLY
LAYING HIS
PLANS... BUT
EVENTUALLY HE'LL
CROSS OUR
PATH, AS HE
ALWAYS DOES!



SOON A NEW
BUSINESS ESTAB-
LISHMENT OPENS
ITS DOORS IN A
FASHIONABLE
NEIGHBORHOOD!

STRANGE, HOW
I MISS MY PARROT
SINCE HE DIED...
PERHAPS, IF I
GOT
ANOTHER!

GILDED
CAGE
BIRD
SHOPPE

ETS



AH, MR. GEMLY,
THE FAMOUS
JEWEL COLLECTOR!
IT IS AN HONOR
indeed to welcome
you to my
HUMBLE
SHOP!

HAVE YOU
A WELL-
BEHAVED,
REFINED
PARROT?





IT CAME
ON QUITE
SUDENLY.
I HOPE IT
ISN'T
SERIOUS!

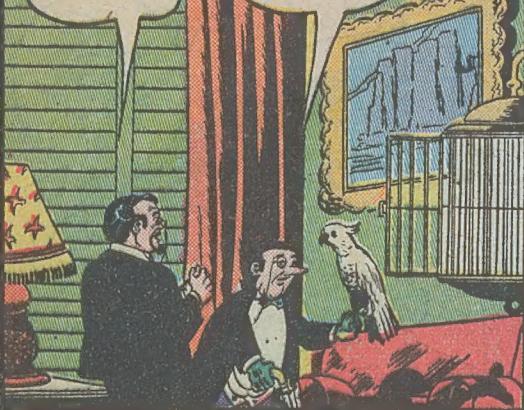
MMM...WE
SHALL SEE...
HOW DO
YOU FEEL,
HORACE?

AWRK!
EIGHTEEN
LEFT...TEN
RIGHT...
SIXTY-
NINE
LEFT...

DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
HE'S TALKING
ABOUT,
MR.
GEMLY?

ER -NO,
I DON'T...
HE MUST
BE
DELIRIOUS!
HA!
HA!

THE PUDGY ARCH-
CROOK PRESSES A
BUTTON IN THE
HANDLE OF HIS
AMAZING UMBRELLA,
AND...



A COLORLESS, ODOLESS GAS FILLS THE AIR...
BUT DOES NOT AFFECT THE PENGUIN, WHO
HAS THOUGHTFULLY THRUST COTTON WADS
SOAKED WITH CHEMICALS INTO HIS NOSTRILS...

I MUST HAVE
CAUGHT WHATEVER
AILS HORACE...
I FEEL DIZZY...

SIT DOWN. THE
FEELING WILL PASS
IN A
MOMENT!



A PERFECT
CRIME IS A
WORK OF ART!
THE GAS CON-
TAINED THE
GERM OF PSIT-
TACOSIS...
PARROT FEVER...
WHICH IS FATAL TO
HUMANS AS WELL
AS BIRDS. NO ONE
CAN POSSIBLY
SUSPECT
ME!



Later...

IT WAS
PARROT
FEVER,
ALL
RIGHT...
NOTHING
SUSPICIOUS...

THANKS, DOC...
YOU CAN GO, MR.
WADDLE...AND
I'M SORRY WE
HAD TO SEARCH
YOU!

Quite all
right, sir!



NEWS HEADLINES STIR A SIXTH SENSE IN BRUCE WAYNE...

A BIRD AND MISSING JEWELRY... SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



WHERE DID YOU SAY WE WERE GOING, BRUCE?

THE PAPER MENTIONED A BIRD DEALER NAMED I. WADDLE... IT'S FUNNY, BUT THAT NAME REMINDS ME OF SOMEBODY. CAN YOU GUESS WHO?



A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A STROLL.

I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS... LOOK!

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!



WE CAME JUST IN TIME... HE'S GOING INTO A JEWELRY STORE!

GET SET FOR TROUBLE, FELLA!



WITHIN THE JEWELRY SHOP...

LET ME SEE SOME UNSET DIAMONDS, MY GOOD MAN... FROM ABOUT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS UP!

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE, SIR... STEP THIS WAY!



UNNOTICED, THE PENGUIN FREES TWO SMALL BIRDS FROM HIS POCKETS... JACKDAWS, NOTORIOUS WINGED THIEVES OF SMALL, GLITTERING OBJECTS...

YOU'LL FIND THESE OF THE FINEST QUALITY, SIR!

I JUST REMEMBERED I LEFT MY WALLET AT HOME... I SHALL GET IT AND RETURN!



HE'S COMING OUT... AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

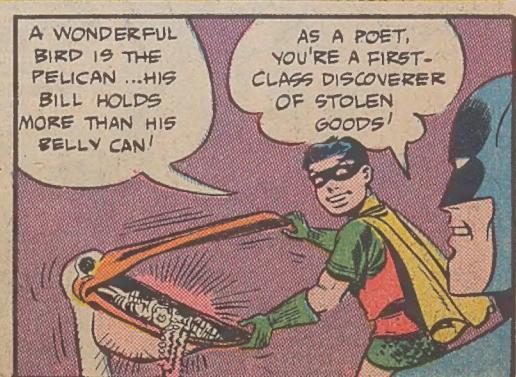
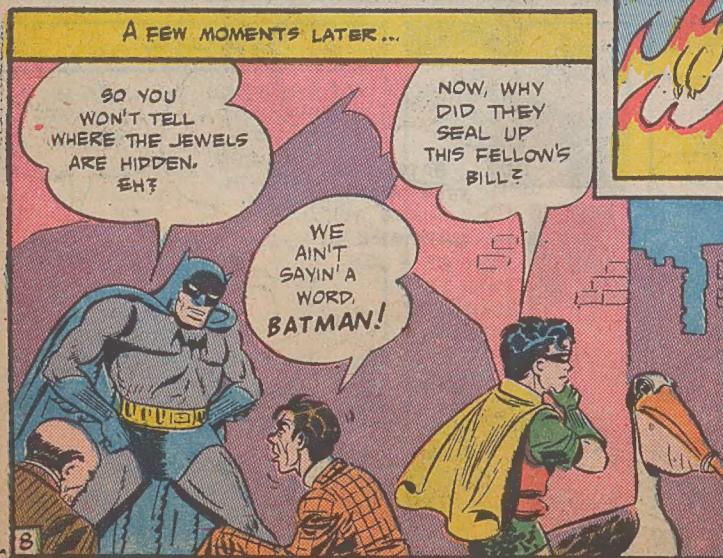
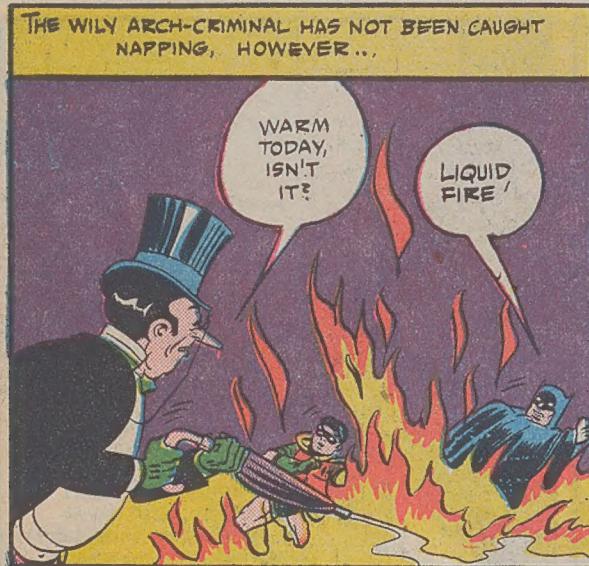
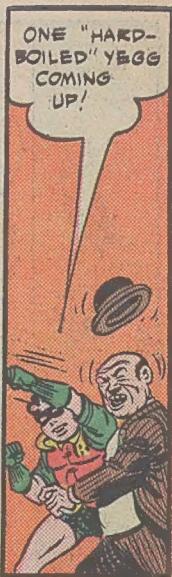
MAYBE HE WAS JUST GETTING THE LAYOUT OF THE PLACE FOR FUTURE REFERENCE!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

WHA...? BIRDS STEALING MY GEMS! HELP!







WITH SEEING CARELESSNESS, THE BATMAN TURNS HIS BACK ON HIS PRISONERS...

GOOD THING THE PENGUIN DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT CHEST OF JEWELS IN BRUCE WAYNE'S HOUSE... AND WAYNE'S OUT OF THE CITY!

HUH?
WHAT'S
THAT?

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
LET THEM! THE POLICE CAN PICK THEM UP ANY TIME... AND MEANWHILE, I'VE GOT A SCHEME FOR DOSING THE PENGUIN WITH SOME OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

THAT AFTERNOON, A WEIRD CRAFT STREAKS FROM A SECRET UNDERGROUND HANGAR INTO THE BLUE SKY... THE BATPLANE...

YOU THINK THESE HOMING PIGEONS WE RESCUED FROM THE FIRE WILL LEAD US TO THE PENGUIN'S HIDEOUT?

ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP 'EM FLYING AND SEE!

GUIDED BY AN INSTINCT THAT HAS BAFFLED SCIENTISTS, THE PIGEONS SET A STRAIGHT COURSE FOR THEIR HOME LOFT...

UNLESS I'M MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, THAT PENTHOUSE IS WHERE WE ATTEND A PARTY TONIGHT!

A SURPRISE PARTY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

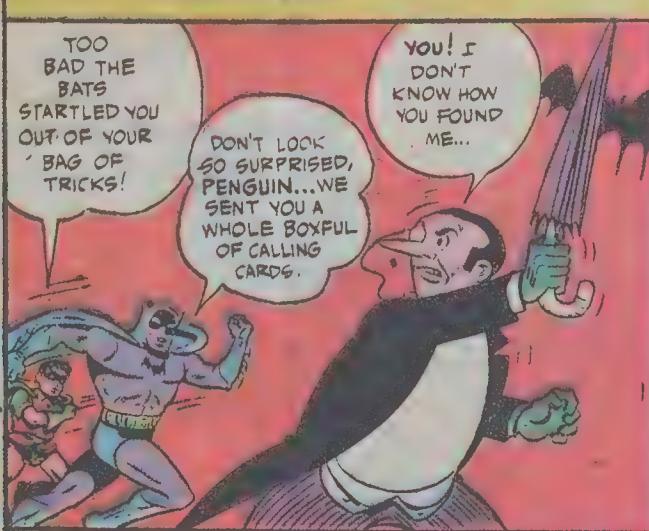
MIDNIGHT... AND THE PENGUIN RETURNS HOME AFTER A PLEASANT EVENING'S WORK...

THE JEWELS OF PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE! HA! THE BATMAN HIMSELF TIPPED ME OFF TO THEM, THROUGH LOUIE THE LIP AND HARRY!

I EVEN USED BIRDS ON THIS JOB... FOR AREN'T HARRY AND LOUIE STOOL PIGEONS? NOW LET US SEE HOW MUCH RICHER THE EVENING HAS MADE ME!

BATS! I'VE BEEN TRICKED! THIS IS THE BATMAN'S IDEA OF A JOKE!

THE NEXT INSTANT...



A CLOUD OF FINE POWDER SPURTS FROM THE EVER-READY UMBRELLA...



WEAKENED AND BLINDED BY FITS OF SNEEZING, THE RACKET-WRECKERS ARE EASY VICTIMS FOR THE MASTER VILLAIN...



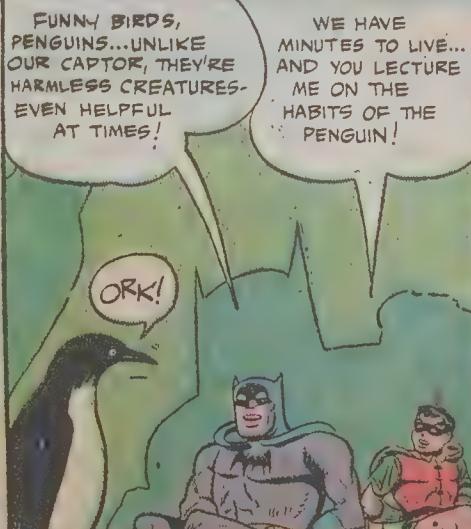
SOON THEY ARE HELPLESS PRISONERS...



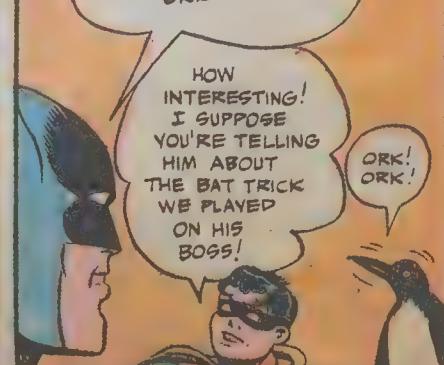
I'M WORKING ON A NEW DEADLY GAS!...IN A FEW MINUTES YOU TWO SHALL BE HONORED BY BEING THE FIRST TO SMELL IT!

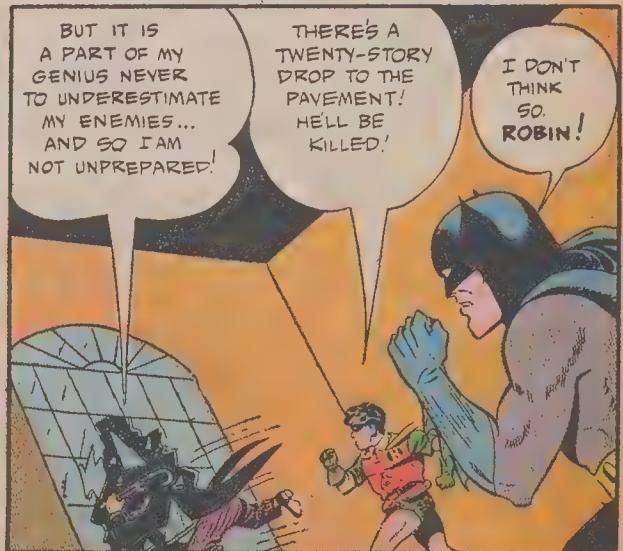
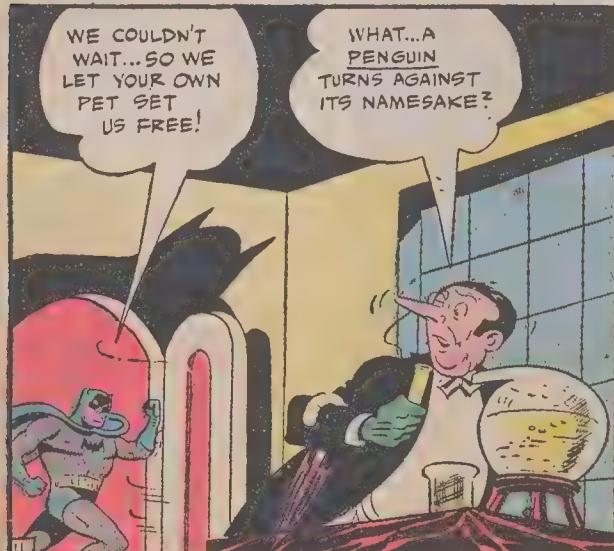
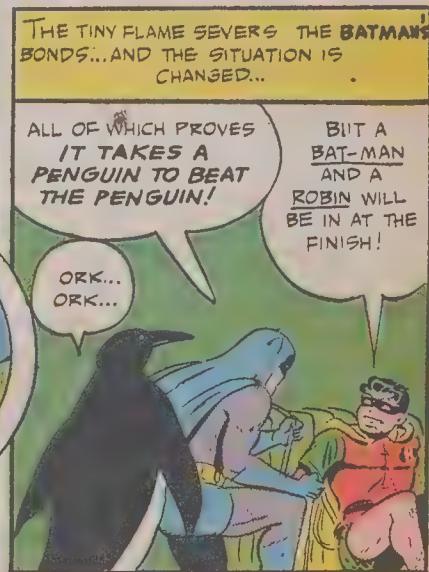
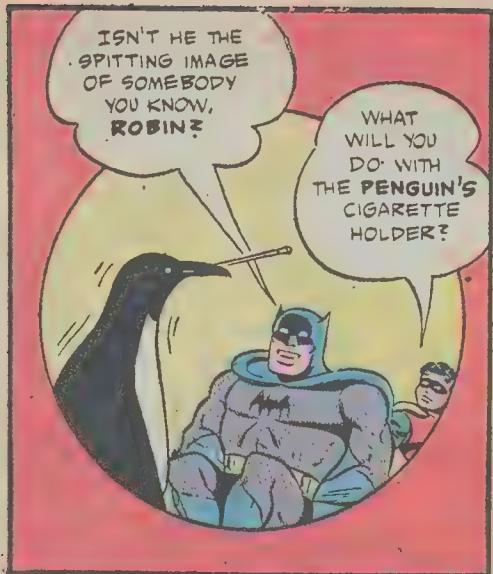


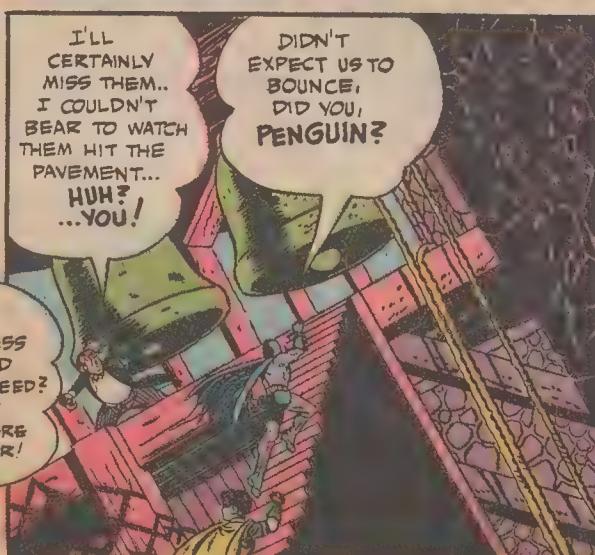
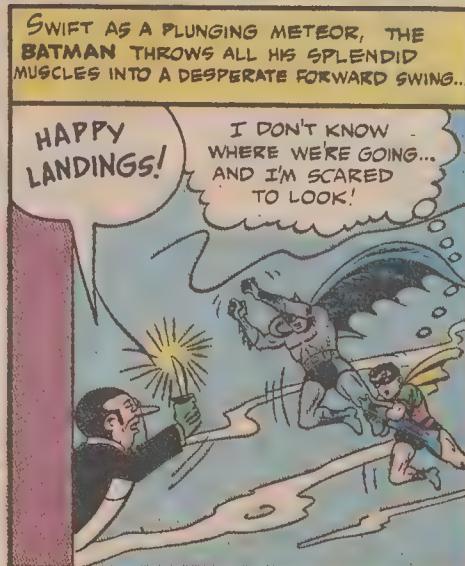
FUNNY BIRDS, PENGUINS...UNLIKE OUR CAPTOR, THEY'RE HARMLESS CREATURES-EVEN HELPFUL AT TIMES!

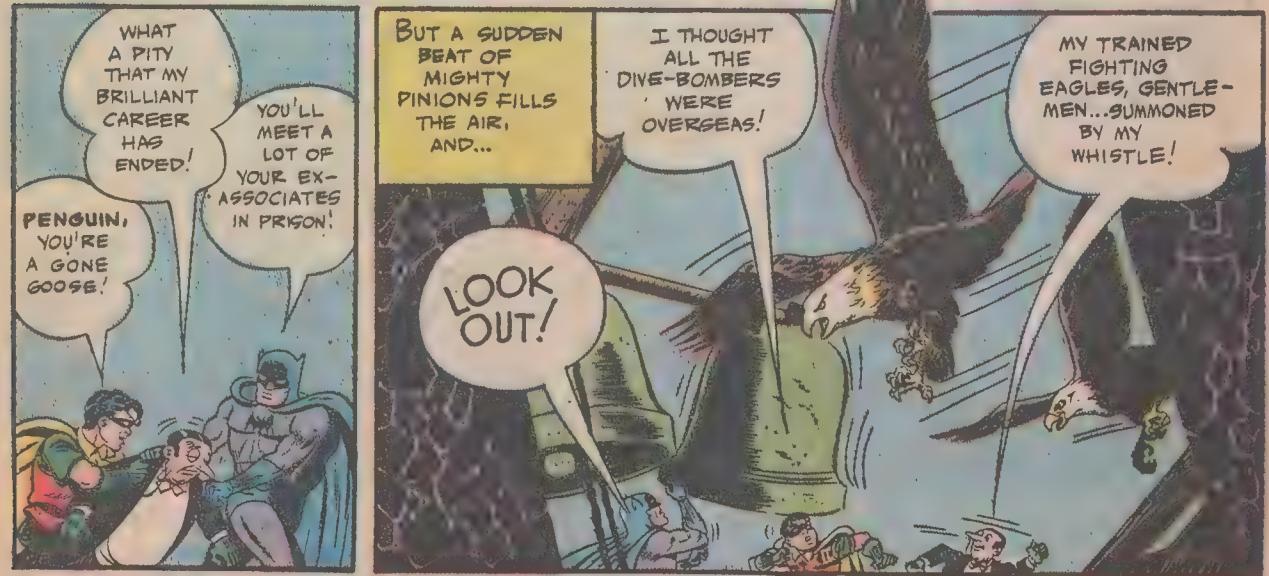


ONE OF THEIR HABITS IS TO CARRY PRESENTS TO STRANGERS WHO INTEREST THEM... STONES AND BITS OF WOOD... HEY, OLD-TIMER... ORK, ORK!









DON & NANCY

... COME TO THE RESCUE OF
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC
... AND THEY ALL HAVE A
WONDERFUL TIME!

CHILDREN, I'M PROUD OF YOU FOR DONATING SO GENEROUSLY TO THE RED CROSS, EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS GIVING UP OUR CLASS PICNIC.

BUT, MISS WHITE, THERE IS A DOLLAR LEFT IN OUR TREASURY. CAN'T WE STILL HAVE OUR PICNIC?

I DON'T SEE HOW, NANCY.

REFRESHMENTS ON ONLY A DOLLAR? WHY THERE ARE THIRTY OF US IN THIS CLASS... THAT'S ONLY ABOUT THREE CENTS FOR EACH OF US!



AT LAST CAME THE DAY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC...



KOOL-AID Costs So Little You Can Have It Often!

TELL your mother about Kool-Aid, how extra good it is in so many different ways. Once she discovers how swell it tastes and how little it costs, you'll be having Kool-Aid drinks real often. Recipes on package tell how to make frozen suckers and ice cream sherbet, too. Ask mother to buy some Kool-Aid today! Try all seven flavors!

BOYS/GIRLS TRY KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM



HAVE YOU tried Kool-Aid Bubble Gum? It comes in five different flavors, every one extra tasty and chewy. And for blowing bubbles, Kool-Aid Bubble Gum just can't be beat! You get a great big piece for only a penny—and the flavor lasts a long, long time. Remember that, and get more fun for your money. Always ask for KOOL-AID Bubble Gum. PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. - • CHICAGO



The 1944 COMMANDOS

in
"ESCAPE
to
DISASTER!"

Starring
**RIP
CARTER**

ORDER OF THE DAY

TO ALL COMMANDO PERSONNEL:

The Target for TONIGHT is the U-BOAT BASE at TROSLO, NORWAY... You will accompany Assigned NAVAL UNITS aboard a Dynamite-Laden DESTROYER... Your Orders are to ram the CANAL LOCKS and destroy them... This is a SUICIDE Mission, so leave your Picnic-Baskets behind.

Captain Rip Carter,

HORSESHOES CORONA IS A CHARACTER FROM THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN... THE KING OF THE RACKETS...

...HORSESHOES HAD NO BEEF AGAINST THE NAZIS... HE NEVER EVEN KNEW THE MOB... FOR THEY HADN'T MUSCLED IN ON HIS TERRITORY...

BUT THEN HORSESHOES CORONA STEPS OUTSIDE HIS TERRITORY... AND WHAT HAPPENS FROM THERE ON IS A TALE WHICH ONLY RIP CARTER AND HIS GALLANT BOY COMMANDOS CAN TELL... FOR THEY HAD A RINGSIDE SEAT AT ITS EXPLOSIVE CLIMAX AND A HAND IN ITS IRONIC ENDING!

YOU MIGHT CALL IT THE FORTUNES OF WAR... BUT WE TERM IT THE MOST EXCITING GANG FIGHT SINCE THE ROARING TWENTIES!

by Joe Simon and Jack Kirby

THIS STORY SHOULD BEGIN ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF EUROPE, THE BURNING SANDS OF LIBYA, OR THE GRIM FJORDS OF WIND-SWEPT NORWAY... BUT IT DOESN'T! DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, THIS TALE OF THE BOY COMMANDOS HAS ITS STARTLING BEGINNING ON THE BLACKED-OUT DOCKS OF LOWER MANHATTAN---

YOU SEE, HORSESHOES CORONA AND BUTTSY BAYNES ARE LEAVING ON A CRUISE TO EUROPE FOR REASONS KNOWN ONLY TO THEMSELVES... AND...

HURRY, BOSS...
THE MOTORBOAT'S
DOWN HERE!

...THE F.B.I....

THERE
THEY GO!
HEAD 'EM
OFF!

...THE
AMALGAMATED
PRESS...

YEAH!

HOLD THE
PRESSES! THE
F.B.I.'S CORNERED
HORSESHOES COR-
ONA, PUBLIC ENEMY
NUMBER ONE! STAND
BY FOR A
HEADLINE!

THE GREEN NETWORK...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WE
ARE BRINGING YOU THIS IM-
PROMTU BROADCAST THROUGH
THE COURTESY OF
A TIP FROM ONE
STOOLIE SKOZAK!

NEVER
MIND DE
PLUG! GIMME
DE FIFTY
SMACKERS!

...AND SIX MILLION LISTENERS!

HE'LL GET THREE
LIFE SENTENCES
IF THEY
GET HIM!

MY
GOOD-
NESS!

BAM!
CRASH!
BANG!

IS THAT
THE LONE
COWBOY,
DADDY?

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET
OF FLYING BULLETS....
THE TWO MOBSTERS
ROAR AWAY IN THEIR
SPEEDBOAT!

BAM! BAM! CRACK!

CONTACT THE
NAVY PATROL!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...ON A TANKER AT SEA...

I CAN'T HELP LAUGHIN' OVER HOW WE GAVE 'EM DE SLIP, BOSS! IF IT WUZN'T FOR OUR RUM RUNNIN' EXPERIENCE, WE'D NEVER GOT PAST DAT NAVY PATROL!

IT'S JUST LIKE I ALWAYS SAID, BUTTSY! THERE'S NUTTIN' LIKE A GOOD EDICATION!

DON'T, BOSS!
EVERYTIME I TINKS OF ME REFORM SCHOOL DAYS, I--
I GETS KINDA SEDIMENTAL INSIDE...

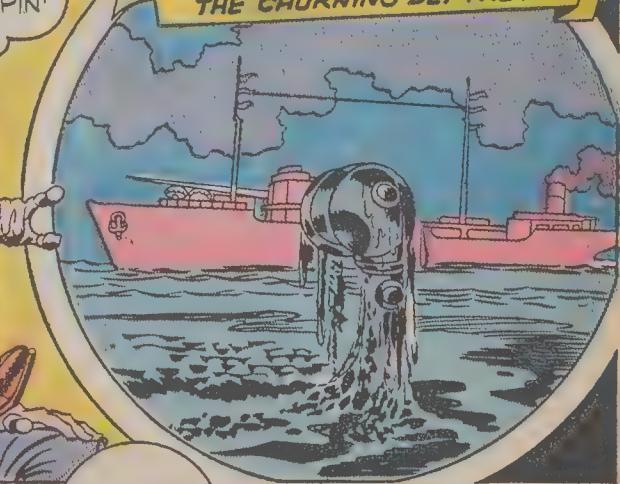
YA KNOW, IT BOINS ME UP WHEN I TINK OF DE NOIVE OF DOSE FEDS... TRYIN' TA DRAFT ME... HORSESHOES CORONA! DEY KNOW I DON'T GO FOR DIS WAR RACKET!



I GOT NO BEEFS AGAINST DIS NAZI MOB...DEY NEVER MUSCLED IN ON MY RACKETS! BESIDES...I LIKE EVERYBODY! I'M DE SOCIABLE TYPE!

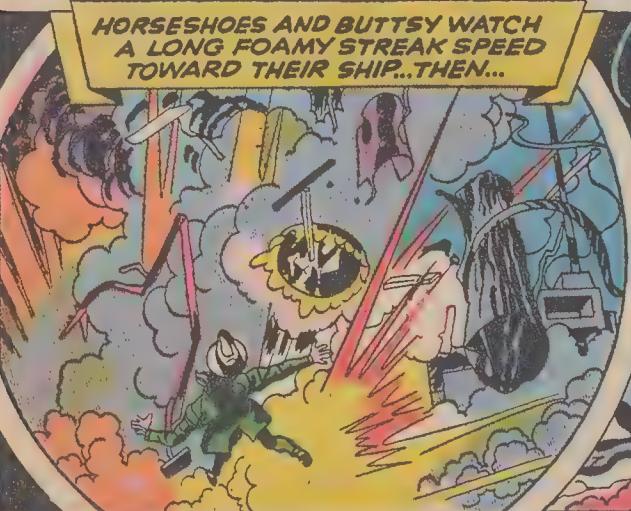
HEY, BOSS!
LOOK!! PEEPIN'
TOMS!

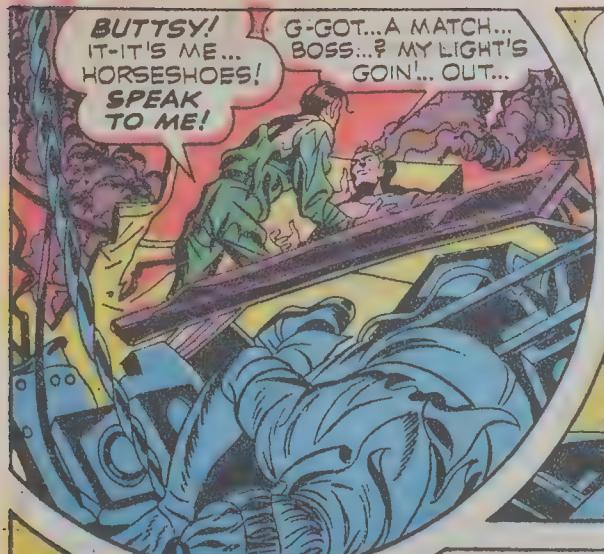
THE SUN SUDDENLY REFLECTS
ON COLD METAL RISING FROM
THE CHURNING DEPTHS!



HORSESHOES AND BUTTSY WATCH A LONG FOAMY STREAK SPEED TOWARD THEIR SHIP...THEN...

BUTTSY!
BUTTSY!!!





DESTROYERS...
MEIN KAPITAN!
BRITISH
DESTROYERS!!

BACK TO THE
SUBMARINE! LEAVE
THE AMERIKANER
TO THE FISH!

LEAVING THE SINKING TANKER, THE
NAZIS QUICKLY SUBMERGE AS A FLOTILLA
OF BRITISH DESTROYERS SPEEDS TO THE
SCENE OF DESTRUCTION!

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP OF THE
DESTROYER SQUADRON...

MAN
OVERBOARD!

BLIMEY!

THERE HE IS...
FLOATIN' IN DE
DRINK!

SOON
AFTER...

HI, THERE! STRETCHER
BEARERS, LEND A' AND...
THIS BLOKE NEEDS
H'ATTENTION!

TAKE IT
EASY! HE'S
HURT
BAD!

WHERE'VE I
SEEN DIS GUY
BEFORE? HIS
FACE IS SO IT'NLY
FAMILIAR! I TINK
IT WUZ IN DE
NEWSPAPERS
BACK IN DE
STATES!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, BROOKLYN
VISITS THE HOSPITAL ROOM.....

YOU HAD A NARROW
ESCAPE, PAL.
SAY! ARENT
YOU HOR---

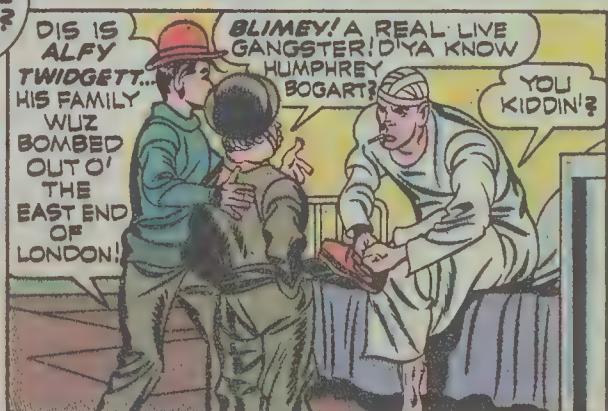
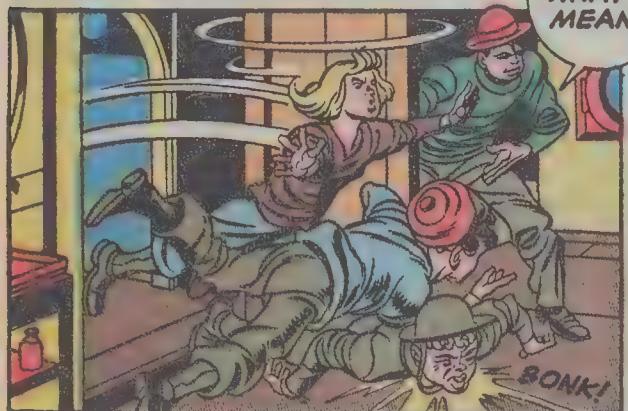
BLUB...

THAT'LL BE
ALL, SISTER! I
WANNA TALK TA
ME LITTLE
CHUM HERE!

AFTER THE NURSE LEAVES...

YA GOT ME
TAGGED WRONG,
KID! ME NAME
IS JONES! GET
IT? JONES!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT
MALARKEY! I'VE
SEEN ENOUGH O'YER
PICTURES TA KNOW
BETTER!



**The FALSE GLAMOUR
OF NOTORIOUS FIGURES
LIKE HORSESHOES
CORONA HAS ALWAYS
BEEN A MAGNET
WHICH HAS ATTRACTED
THE IMAGINATIONS OF
BOYISH MINDS, AND
IN THE DAYS TO
FOLLOW, THE BOY
COMMANDOS
LISTEN,
FASCINATED BY THE
HAIR-RAISING
EXPLOITS OF THE
GANGSTER'S
CAREER!**

SO DAT NIGHT WE WAIT FER DOSE HIJACKERS! DEY PULLS UP IN TRUCKS AND COVER OUR DRIVERS WIT TOMMIES! WHEN DEY STARTED SWIPIN' STUFF, MY BOYS COME FROM BEHIND DE CRATES BLAZIN' AWAY!

BULLY FOR YOU BLOKES!



YOU'RE NO STRANGER TO ME, CORONA! REMEMBER THE NIGHT I THREW YOU OUT OF MY DRESSING ROOM IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN-- WHEN YOU TRIED TO

BRIBE ME TO THROW THE LEWIS FIGHT?

WELL... WELL...

THERE'S THE DOOR, HORSESHOES! THE NEXT TIME I FIND YOU TEACHING THE GANGSTER PHILOSOPHY TO THOSE KIDS, I WON'T BE SO EASY ON YOU!

...IF IT ISN'T RIP CARTER, DE FAIR PLAY KID! YOU COULD'A CLEANED UP A HUNDRED GRAND IF YA PLAYED ALONG! BUT NO! LIKE ALL DE SAPS, YA MADE YER DOUGH DE HARD WAY!

AW! STOW DAT BIG BROTHER GAB, CARTER!



ROIT!! AN' IF BEIN' HONEST, COURAGEOUS 'AND REGULAR LIKE RIP CARTER IS BEIN' A SAP, THEN OI SAYS WE'D RAWTHER BE SAPS!

BUT SUDDENLY THE ARGUMENT OF INDIVIDUALS IS INTERRUPTED BY THE THUNDEROUS ECHO OF A GREATER ISSUE...AS THE SHIP TREMBLES UNDER THE RECOIL OF BIG GUNS!

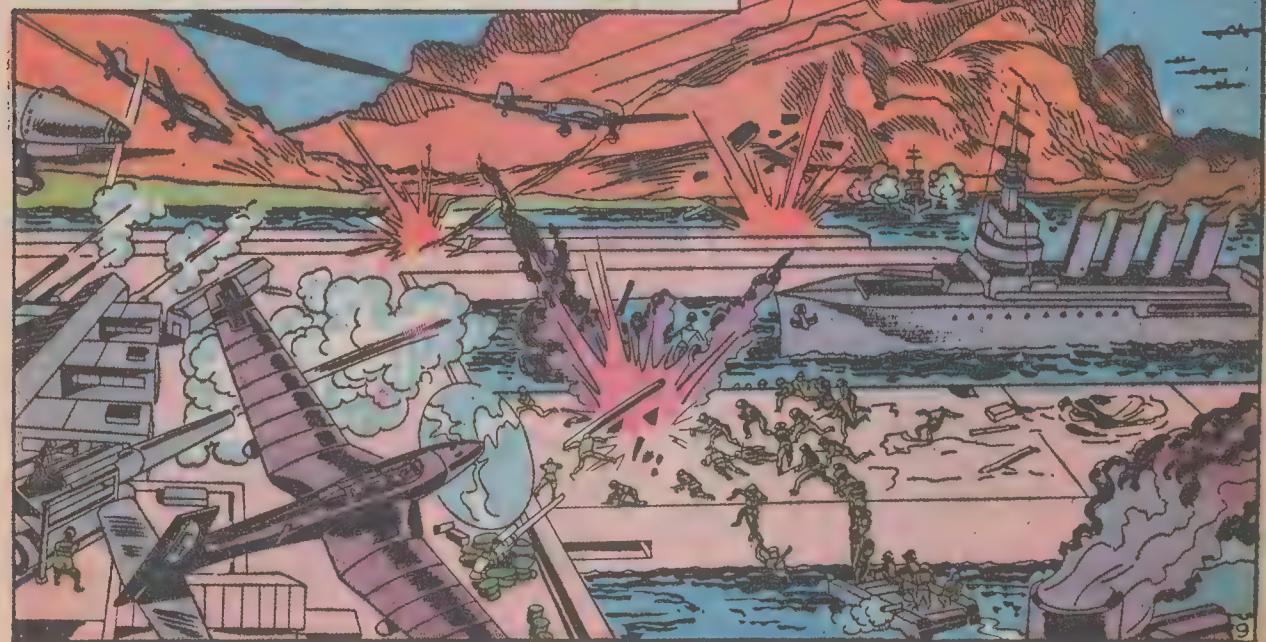
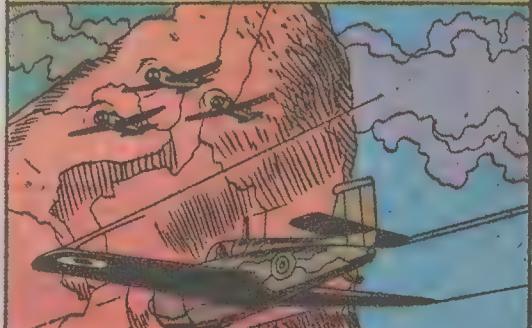
GUNFIRE! WE MUST HAVE SIGHTED THE U-BOAT BASE! LET'S GET TO BATTLE STATIONS ON THE DOUBLE!

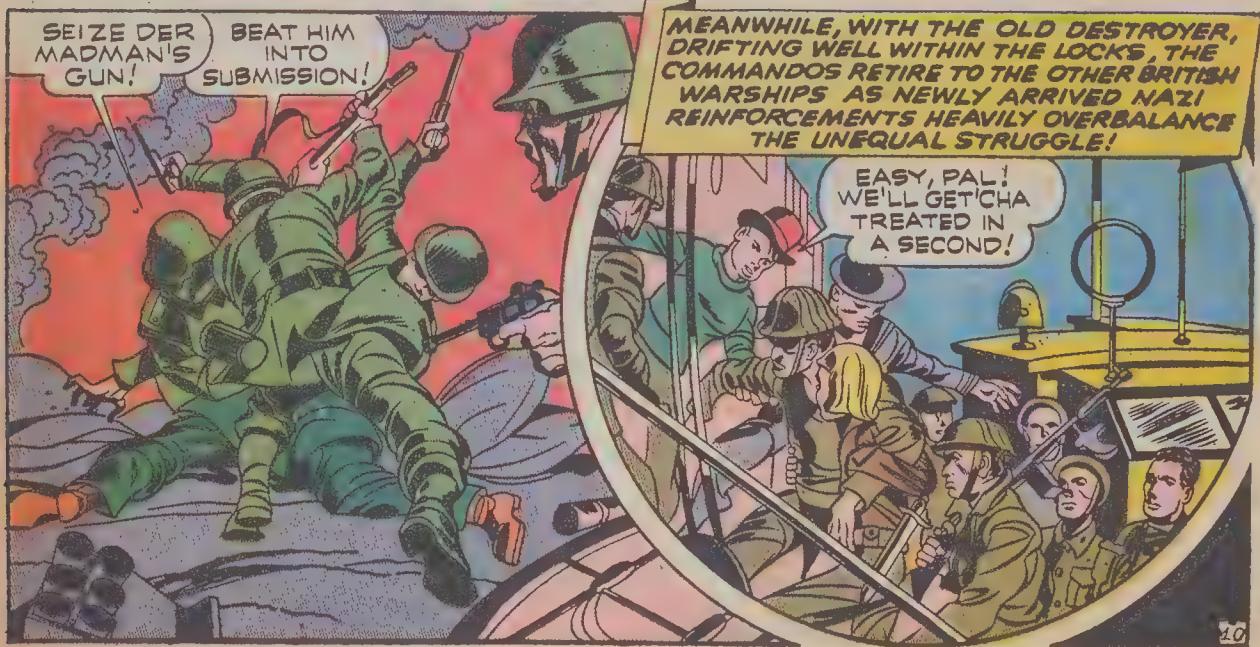
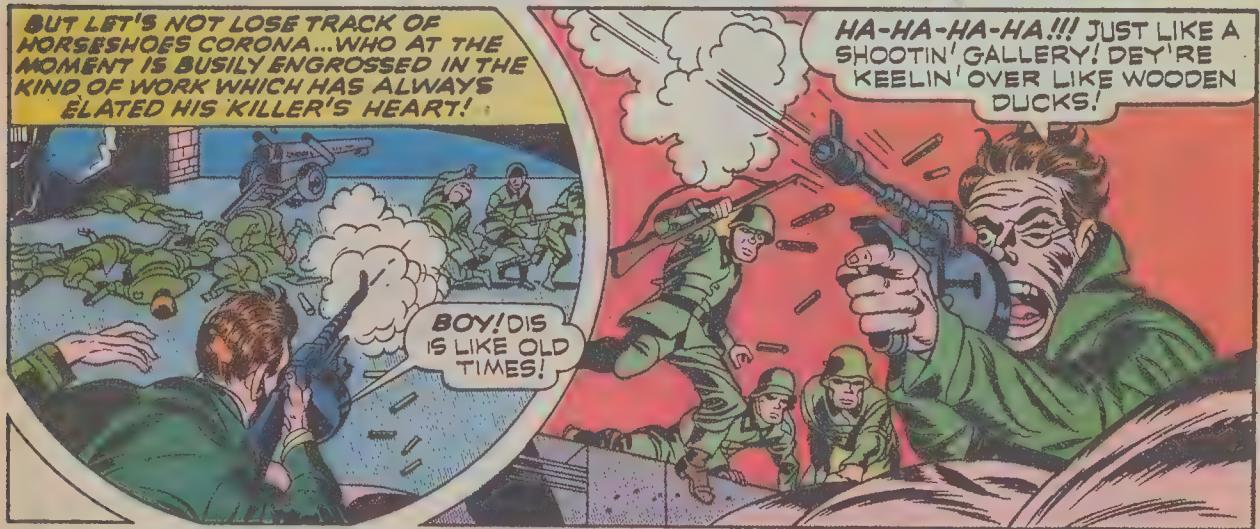
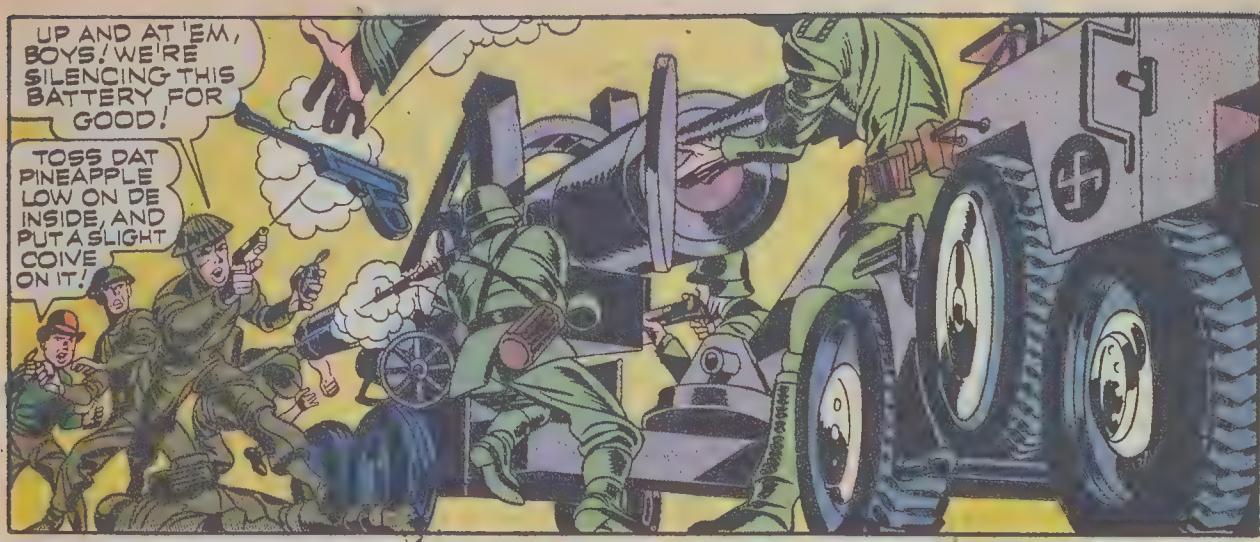
BOOM!



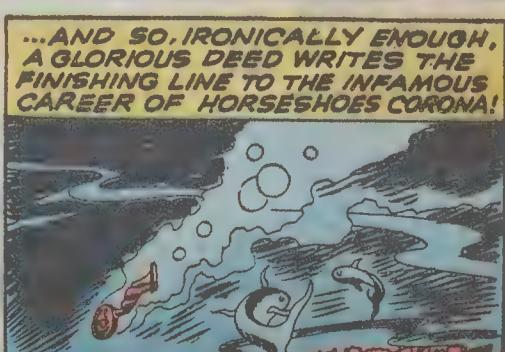
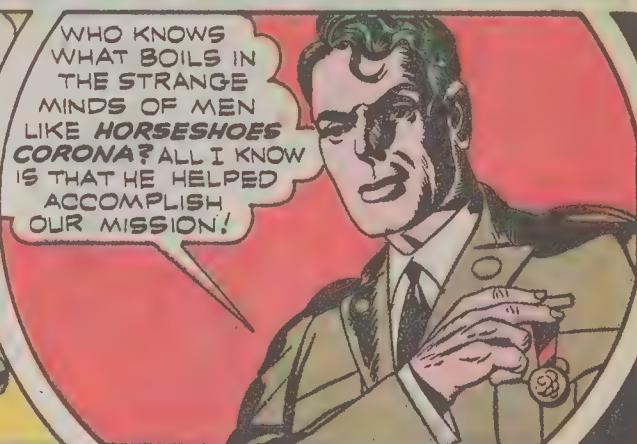
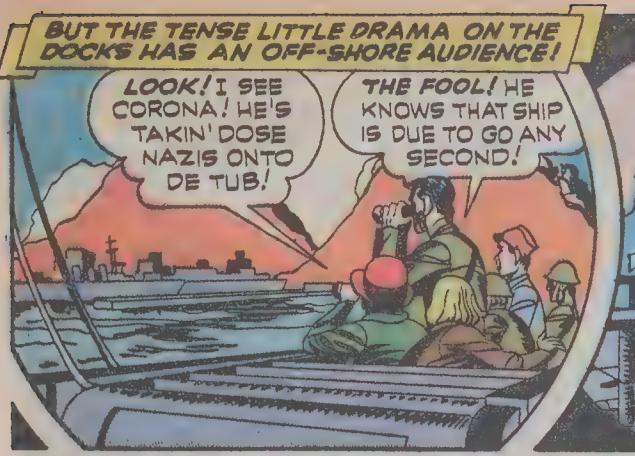


UNDER THE HEAVY SHELLFIRE FROM THE ENEMY SHORE BATTERIES AND THE SCREAMING BOMBS OF DEATH-DIVING STUKAS, THE COMMANDOS SWARM OVER THE NAZI U-BOAT HIDEOUT... WHILE THE GREY HULK OF THEIR OLD DESTROYER DRIFTS INTO THE GERMAN CANAL LOCKS!









NEXT MONTH THE BOY COMMANDOS GO TO WORK ON THE JAPS.... **WOW!**

GAGS



EXTRA! BATMAN AND ROBIN SPLIT UP!

WHAT CAUSED THIS GREATEST OF CRIME-BUSTING TEAMS TO BREAK UP?
WHY DID THE FRIENDSHIP OF BATMAN AND ROBIN DISSOLVE IN BITTERNESS?
HOW CAN THE MIGHTY CHAMPION SUCCEED WITHOUT HIS LOYAL COMRADE?
WILL THEY GET TOGETHER AGAIN---OR IS THEIR PARTING FINAL?

You'll find the startling answers to all these thrilling questions in

"THE BATMAN PLAYS A LONE HAND"

---which is just

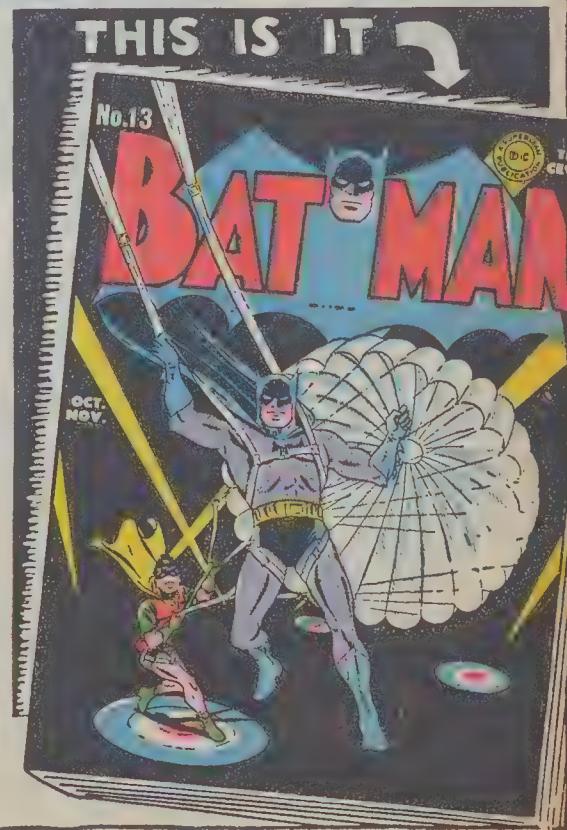
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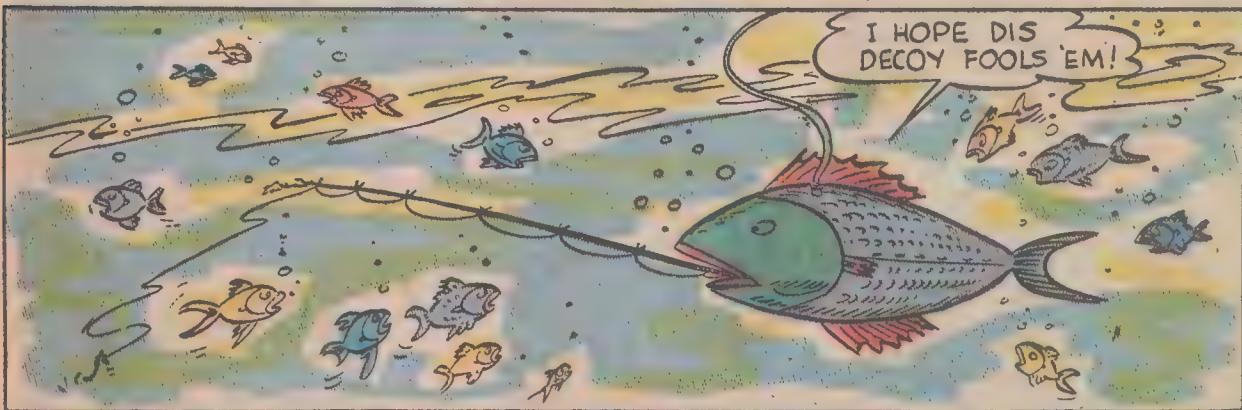
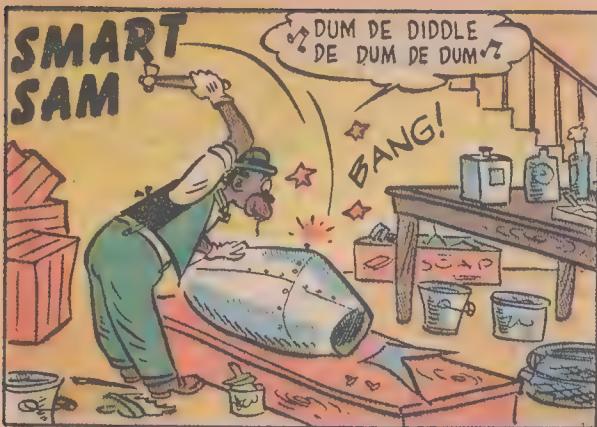
OF THE

FOUR

TERRIFIC BATMAN STORIES IN

BATMAN No.13
ON SALE AUG. 12TH





BIGGEST AND BEST!

THIS IS IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --- **96 PAGES** OF HIGH-POWERED SUPER-ACTION FEATURES! ALL BRAND-NEW, NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED --- AND THE **ONLY** MAGAZINE CONTAINING **BOTH SUPERMAN AND BATMAN!**



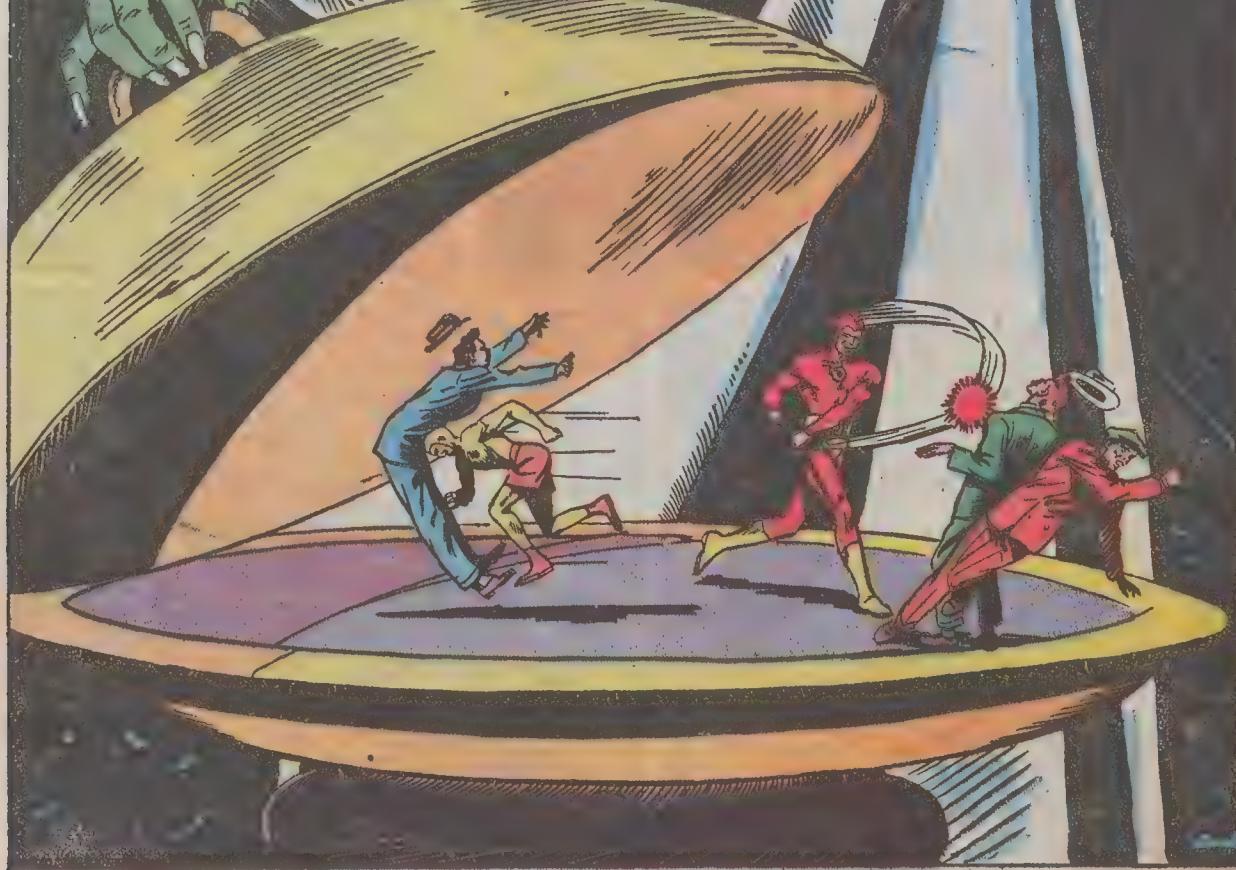
WHEN CUNNING RACKETEERS CONTRIVE TO MAKE A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS SERVE THEIR OWN EVIL ENDS, IT IS THE SIGNAL FOR LEE TRAVIS TO SHED THE DRAB MUFFI OF CIVILIAN LIFE AND ROBE HIMSELF AGAIN IN THE RED-TINTED RAIMENT OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER! FAITHFUL IN FRIENDSHIP...REMORSELESS AGAINST RUTHLESS RENEGADES...THE SCARLET-HUED LAWMAN DISREGARDS DEADLY DANGER AS HE RACES THE CLOCK...TRYING TO BRING TO AN EARLY END—

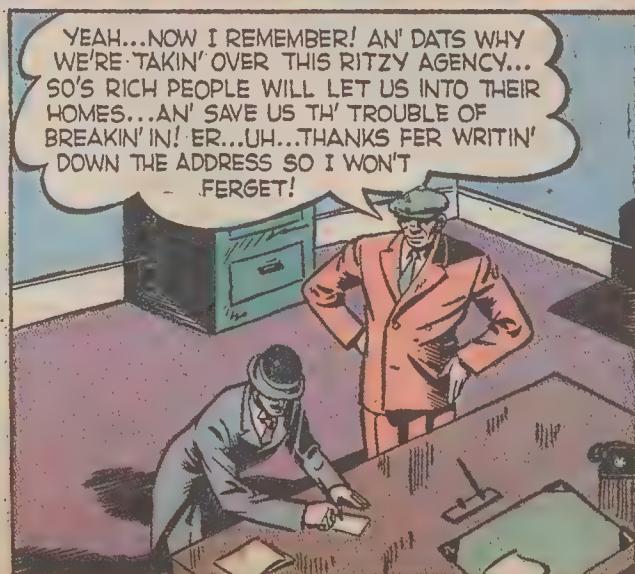
"CRIME ON THE HALF-MOON!"

THE

CRIMSON AVENGER

BY JACK LEHTI





NOW WE MOVE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN WHERE LEE TRAVIS, YOUTHFUL PUBLISHER, TOILS OVER AN EDITORIAL!



BEFORE TRAVIS CAN ANSWER HIS ORIENTAL CHAUFFEUR, WING....



THE DOOR IS OPENED SLOWLY, AND...

WHY, IT'S HARRY JAMES! WHAT'S UP, FELLA?

CONGRATULATE ME! I FINALLY SOLD A PAINTING!



AND SO...SOON AFTER...LEE TRAVIS WHEELS HIS CAR THROUGH THE CITY'S TEEMING TRAFFIC...ALONE ...OR SO HE THINKS!

DIRTY TRICK TO LEAVE WING BEHIND...BUT HE MUST LEARN TO BE LESS MOODY!

MIST' TRAVIS ANGLY...BUT MAYBE NEED PROTECTION! I GO, TOO!

EXPERTLY GUIDING HIS CAR TO THE CURB, TRAVIS LEAPS OUT TO SEE...



FEET FURIOUSLY CHURNING...LEE TRAVIS RACES INTO THE BUILDING.... SHEDDING CLOTHES AS HE RUNS... AND REVEALING HIMSELF AS THAT GRIM GRAPPLER AGAINST CRIME... THE CRIMSON AVENGER!!



ONE FLIGHT UP...AND IN A SPARSELY FURNISHED STUDIO A MASSIVE FIST SWINGS IN A PONDEROUS, PUNISHING ARC!

D-DON'T HIT ME AGAIN, MR. MEMORY... PLEASE...OHHHHH!

HAH! THIS'LL TEACH YA NOT TO PERTEND BEIN' RICH...AN' FOOLIN' GUYS LIKE ME! WHY... THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' HERE WORTH TAKIN' A SWIPE AT---BUT YOU!!

YA MAY BE UNCONSCIOUS... BUT I'M STILL GONNA BUST....HUH??



I HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING...AND WHEN I GET THROUGH YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO!



BUT, EVEN AS THE MURDEROUS MEMORY WIELDS THE HEAVY STATUETTE, THE CRIMSON AVENGER GRASPS A FRAMED CANVAS FROM AN EASEL...AND...

HMM... CAN'T SAY I ADMIRE THE SUBJECT MATTER OF THIS PICTURE!



AND AGAIN...WITH DEVASTATING ACCURACY...THE CRIMSON AVENGER'S ROCK-LIKE FIST THUNDERS AGAINST MEMORY'S LOW-SLUNG JAW!

UH...UH...

YEP! THE PICTURE NEEDS A FEW RETOUCHES...AND HERE'S THE FIRST!

BUT...THE HULKING BODY OF MEMORY PROVES CAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING PUNISHMENT THAT WOULD FLOOR LESSER MEN! HIS HAND SNAKES INTO HIS POCKET...AND THEN...

IF YA KNOW ANY PRAYERS.... SAY 'EM!

OH-OH!



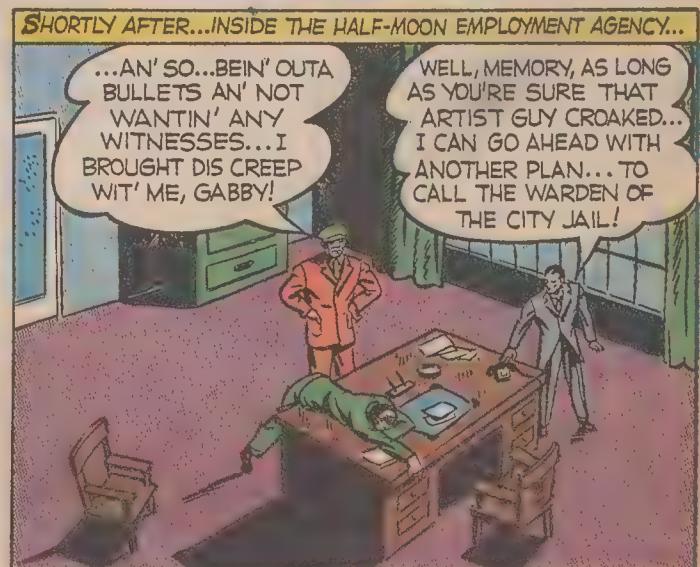
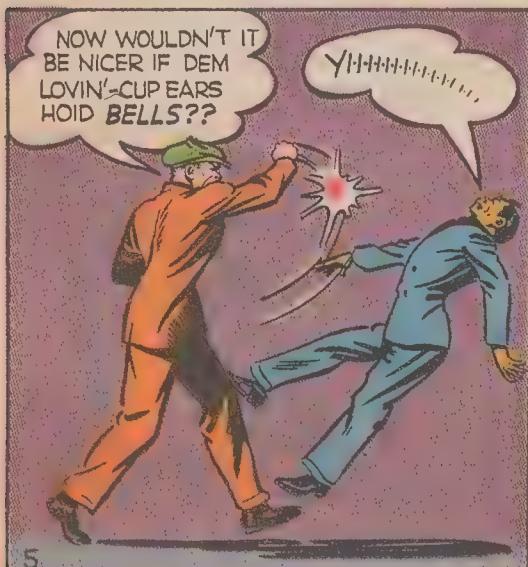
**FASTER THAN MEMORY'S PUDGY FINGER CAN
PRESS THE TRIGGER, THE CRIMSON
AVENGER'S FOOT FLASHES FORWARD!**



**SECONDS LATER, AWAKENED BY THE SHOTS
AND SOUNDS OF STRUGGLING, THE BEATEN
ARTIST STAGGERS TO UNSTEADY FEET!**



A GRIPPED HAND WRENCHES
FREE...A FINGER TIGHTENS..
...A GUN BLASTS!



A COLD SUSPICION STREAKS
ACROSS MEMORY'S PEANUT BRAIN!

SAY! ARE YA
THINKIN' OF PUTTIN'
THE FINGER ON
ME?

KEEP YOUR
PAWS IN
YOUR
POCKET...YOU
BIG APE...AND
LISTEN!

HELLO, WARDEN..THIS IS THE
PROPRIETOR OF THE HALF-MOON
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY! I...AH...
KNOW HOW DIFFICULT IT IS FOR
PAROLED MEN TO FIND WORK...
SO IF YOU SEND YOUR NEXT
PAROLEE TO ME I'LL FIND
HIM A JOB WORTHY OF
HIS...ER...TALENTS!

HA! EVEN I
UNDERSTAND!
WE GET AN EX-CON
TO PULL JOBS
FOR US...AN' IF
HE SQUAWKS, WE
TOIN HIM IN FOR
BREAKIN' HIS
PAROLE!

UP WITH
HANDS!!

WHO SAID...OHO!
IT'S YOU
AGAIN!

WING SORRY SAY
UN-NICE THINGS 'BOUT
MIST' HARRY JAMES!
MAKE UP BY SOCKEE
MAN WHO SHOOT HIM!

YOU GOT
SPUNK, LIDDLE
GUY... BUT YOU
HEARS TOO
MUCH!

TIE HIM UP!
AFTER DARK,
WE'LL DUMP
HIM!

MEANWHILE...A SUMMONED DOCTOR
WORKS FEVERISHLY OVER HARRY
JAMES!

THAT BULLET
WAS DANGEROUSLY
NEAR HIS HEART...
BUT HE'S
FIGHTING
HARD TO
LIVE!

HE MUST
LIVE! HE...
HE'S SUCH A
SWELL KID!

MINUTES PASS WITH AGONIZING
SLOWNESS, AND THEN THE
STRICKEN FIGURE SIGHS...STIRS...
AND POINTS!

UH...UH...CH...CHAR...
CHAR? OH!
CHARCOAL!

HOLDING THE STICK OF CHARCOAL,
THE CRIMSON AVENGER LETS THE
ARTIST'S HAND GUIDE HIM... AND
A WAVERING LINE OF TELL-TALE
BLACK IS DRAWN!

HMM...THIS COULD BE
ANYTHING FROM A CHEESE-
RIND TO A HALF-MOON...
HALF-MOON!

MR. JAMES
MUSTN'T
SPEAK ANY
MORE!..
THE STRAIN
WOULD BE
TOO MUCH!

HE DOESN'T HAVE
TO...FOR HE'S JUST
DRAWN THE FINEST
PICTURE OF HIS
CAREER...A HALF-
MOON! NOW...
WHERE'S HIS
PHONE BOOK?

HARRY MENTIONED HIRING A
BUTLER FROM A RITZY
AGENCY...AND THIS MAY BE
THE CLUE TO THAT PHONEY
BUTLER THEY SENT OVER. HA!
HERE IT IS...THE HALF-MOON
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY!!
NOW TO BECOME
LEE TRAVIS
AGAIN!

INSIDE THE AGENCY...THIRTY MINUTES
LATER....

THE WARDEN
WORKED FAST!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

HERE
COMES
OUR
STIR-BUG
FALL
GUY!
I'LL
KEEP OUT O'
SIGHT-JUST
IN CASE!



THE DOOR OPENS...

WING! BOUND AND GAGGED!
I UNDERSTAND NOW...
THIS WHOLE SET-UP
IS ROTTEN!

UNUTTERABLE
WOE! NO CAN
INFORM THAT
WICKED FELLA HIDES
BEHIND DOOR!
EVERYTHING WING'S
FAULT!

STOP STARING...
AND GIVE
ME YOUR
RACKET! CON-
MAN...TORPEDO
...WELL?

I HAVE ONE
SPECIALTY...
WHICH I'LL BE
GLAD TO SHOW
YOU!

A LEAN HAND EXTRACTS A
SMALL PELLET FROM ITS
HIDING PLACE!



THE PELLET IS DROPPED TO THE FLOOR... AND THEN...

H-HEY! WHAT
GOES ON
HERE?

AND...AS IF STEPPING FROM THE CORE OF THE CRIMSON
AURA LIKE A SINISTER OMEN OF FATE...COMES THE
IMPLACABLE FIGURE OF...

THE CRIMSON
AVENGER!!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE
BANGING MY FIST WITH
YOUR CHIN!

NO...NO...
UGH!!

BUT...BEHIND THE GRIMLY JESTING CRIMSON AVENGER...
A STEALTHY SHADOW SILENTLY STOOPS...AND...

WON'T YOU
PLEASE
SIT DOWN?

WH-OOOOPS!

THEN...BEFORE THE SURPRISED
CRIMSON AVENGER CAN ACT...

I GOT BULLETS
AGAIN...BUT
DIS WAY IS
QUIETER!

THE RAT LOOSEND
ALL MY TEETH! TIE
HIM UP NEXT TO THE
CHINAMAN!

MINUTES LATER...

WE'LL HAVE TO FORGET WAITING
FOR A PAROLED EX-CON! THIS
TOWN'S TOO TOUGH...BUT BEFORE
WE LEAVE WE'RE HEISTING SOME
PEOPLE WHO SENT
IN A CALL FOR
A WAITER!

THANKS FER
WRITIN' IT
DOWN. I DON'T
REMEMBER
SO GOOD!

OKAY, MEMORY...
I'LL MEET YOU
AFTER I TAKE
CARE OF OUR
VISITORS!

MEMORY ONLY
TESTED YOUR
HEAD! I'M
GOING TO DENT
IT...PERMANENTLY!

THERE'S STILL
A CHANCE!

GOODBYE,
CR-OUUUFFF!

YOU FORGOT THAT
SWIVEL-CHAIRS
HAVE WHEELS
ATTACHED TO
THEM!



GABBY SLEEPING SOUNDLY, THE CRIMSON AVENGER MANEUVERS HIS SWIVEL-CHAIR BACK TO BACK WITH WINGS...AND QUICK FINGERS SOON UNTIE BINDING KNOTS!



SOON AFTER, THE LIMP GABBY IS TRUSSSED BY THE CRIMSON AVENGER!

HAVE CALLED POLICE! SOON COME!

GOOD! ONLY TROUBLE IS THIS CHAP'S STILL OUT AND I WANT TO STOP THAT MEMORY FELLOW BEFORE...WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!



A HALF MINUTE LATER...AND MEMORY SERVES A COURSE!



JUST THEN...A LITHE FORM FLASHES FROM AN OVERHANGING LIMB!



HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAVING JUST FOR YOU!

AWRRK!

COME TO PLOPPA!



THIS BRING WING SWEET REVLENCE!

WHEW! THAT'LL HOLD HIM TILL THE POLICE COME...AND THEN SOME!



LATER...AND THE CRIMSON AVENGER HAS CHANGED AGAIN TO THE QUIET PERSONALITY OF LEE TRAVIS...

WELL, WING, HARRY IS GOING TO BE WELL AGAIN...ANOTHER CASE SOLVED...BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW TO END THIS EDITORIAL!



TROUBLE FOR MIST' JAMES START WHEN WING SHOOT BIG MOUTH OFF! MAYBE THIS SHOW HOW BEST WAY END EDITORIAL!

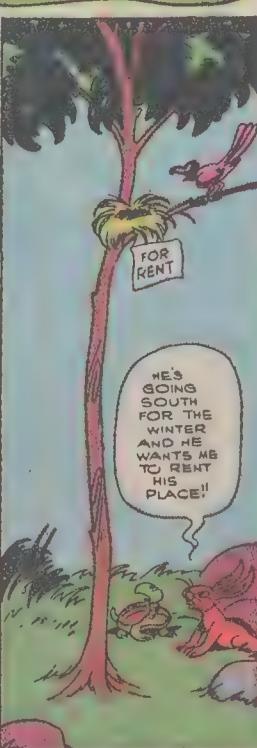
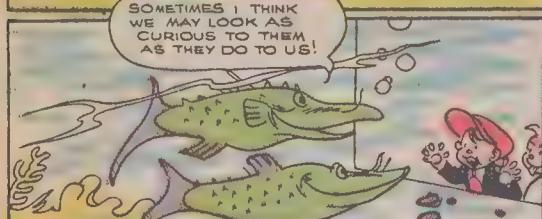


VERY GOOD, WING...I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF THE HEAD-LINE MAKERS IN THE NEXT CRIMSON AVENGER WHEN LEE TRAVIS DONS THE SCARLET AND SCOOPS TO CONQUER!

COMICS ZOO



GROWING FAST!



GREEN ARROW WITH SPEEDY!
ONE OF AMERICA'S
FASTEST-GROWING
FAST-ACTION
FEATURES!

Also
AQUAMAN SPECTRE
AND OTHERS!
DON'T MISS IT!

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Beautiful giant sized Zoo triangle—
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Shows Old Glory in natural colors, also NICARAGUA Will Rogers, NORTH MONGOLIA DIAMOND world's biggest airmail TRIANGLE, Far Eastern Republic, Thailand, Antipodes, Vatican, Slave Colony Puppet land, etc—all 5¢ with approvals. BELMONT STAMPS, Dept. 700, Washington, D.C.

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FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



The Hall of Music...A few minutes
before the concert is to begin...

THERE'S DREHER AND TWO OTHER
MEMBERS OF THE SECRET TEN!
WE'VE WATCHED THEM ATTEND
THESE CONCERTS BUT NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS!
YET WE KNOW THAT THEIR
LEADER CONTACTS
THEM HERE!

IF HE DOES,
CHIEF, I'LL FIND
OUT HOW!

THEY'RE GOING
IN NOW! I'D
BETTER

KEEP MY
EYE ON
THEM!

I'VE GOT
TO BE GOING!

REMEMBER,
REGAN, WE MUST
FIND OUT WHO THE
REAL LEADER OF
THE SECRET TEN
IS.

MINUTES LATER...

WELL, WELL, BART
REGAN! DON'T
TELL ME THE
SECRET SERVICE
IS KEEPING AN
EYE ON AMERICAN
MUSIC LOVERS
NOW.

HUH!
OH...
GOOD
EVENING,
MR. HUNO.
I--ER--I'M
NOT HERE
ON DUTY
TONIGHT!

EVEN MEMBERS OF THE F.B.I. LIKE GOOD MUSIC ONCE IN A WHILE! IT'S NOT ONLY GREAT MUSIC CRITICS LIKE YOU WHO KNOW HOW TO APPRECIATE IT!

I DARE SAY YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I'D BETTER GET TO MY SEAT. IT'S NOT GOOD FORM FOR A FAMOUS CRITIC TO TAKE HIS SEAT AFTER THE PERFORMANCE HAS STARTED!

AN HOUR LATER--THREE SHADOWY FORMS RISE IN THE DARKENED AUDITORIUM AND SILENTLY MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN THE AISLE--

BRING THE CAR AROUND, MULLER! WE'LL STAY AT THE STATE HOTEL TONIGHT! IT'S NO USE GOING BACK TO THE HIDEOUT!

I'D BETTER WORK FAST. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THIS!



THE SPY RUSHES TO HIS CAR, UNAWARE OF THE SILENT FORM LURKING IN THE BROODING SHADOWS--

CAT-LIKE, THE SILENT FIGURE STREAKS ACROSS THE SIDEWALK--A STEELED FIST LASHES OUT--



IT TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE CAR, MULLER! WHERE DID YOU PARK IT? IN HOBOKEN??

SORRY!



HUNO'S MESSAGE IS CLEAR! AN EMMISSARY IS LEAVING FOR WASHINGTON WITH IMPORTANT MILITARY INFORMATION! WE ARE TO GET THAT MILITARY INFORMATION AND DELIVER IT TO HUNO'S POST OFFICE BOX!

JUMPIN' CATFISH! HUNO, THE CRITIC IS THEIR LEADER! THAT'S WHY THE SECRET TEN SUDDENLY ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR MUSIC!



LUNZ DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE CONCERT TONIGHT! YOU'D BETTER GO TO HIS HOME, MULLER, AND FIND OUT WHY!

YES, SIR!

I'D GIVE MY EYE TEETH TO KNOW HOW HUNO GOT HIS MESSAGE ACROSS TO HIS GANG! HM.. MAYBE IF I PAID HIM A VISIT HE MIGHT ENLIGHTEN ME ON THAT POINT!

BUT AT THAT SAME INSTANT, FATE PREPARES A TRAP FOR BART REGAN AS MULLER, DREHER'S HENCHMAN, RELEASES HIMSELF...

I MUST WARN DREHER! SOMETHING IS UP AND I DON'T LIKE IT!!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, MULLER BURSTS INTO DREHER'S HOTEL ROOM--BLURTS OUT A BREATHLESS STORY..!

SOMEBODY KNOCKED ME OUT, DREHER, AND TOOK MY CLOTHES! I SAW HIM DRIVE AWAY IN THE LIMOUSINE!!

WHAT?!



GALVANIZED INTO ACTION BY THE STAGGERING IMPLICATION OF MULLER'S STORY, DREHER BARKS CRISP COMMANDS!!

THEN THE MAN WHO DROVE US WAS AN IMPOSTOR--A DETECTIVE!! CALL A TAXI! WE MUST WARN HUNO THE POLICE HAVE FOUND OUT HE'S OUR LEADER! WHY HASN'T HUNO GOT A PHONE??



Meanwhile..BART REGAN HAS ARRIVED AT RICHARD HUNO'S HOME...

NO ONE SEEMS TO BE IN! WELL, THIS SPECIAL PICK WILL HAVE THIS LOCK OPEN IN NO TIME! MIGHT AS WELL LET MYSELF IN AND NOSE AROUND A BIT!



BUT WITHIN THE HOUSE, AN OMINOUS WELCOME AWAITS THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT!

KIND OF QUIET! THE HOUSE IS EMPTY, ALL RIGHT!



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MR. REGAN..AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO REMOVE YOUR GUN AND DROP IT TO THE FLOOR!

HUH?



THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT IS LED INTO RICHARD HUNO'S STUDY!

MR. HUNO, PERHAPS YOU'LL CLEAR MY MIND ON ONE POINT--JUST HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO CONTACT DREHER AT THE CONCERT TONIGHT?

YOU KNOW I'M THE LEADER OF THE SECRET TEN? CONGRATULATIONS! AS FOR GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MY MEN IT'S ALL A MATTER OF HATS AND A CHECK-ROOM GIRL WHO WORKS FOR ME!

ALL I'D DO IS CHECK A TOP HAT WITH THE MESSAGE CONCEALED IN THE CROWN! DREHER WOULD CHECK A HAT IDENTICAL IN APPEARANCE, REMAIN AT THE CONCERT FOR A WHILE--THEN LEAVE!

BUT THE GIRL WOULD HAND HIM MY HAT WITH THE CONCEALED MESSAGE INSTEAD OF HIS OWN! THE MOST ASTUTE WATCHER WOULDN'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG! IN THAT WAY, I COULD CONTACT DREHER WITHOUT MAKING THOSE CONTACTS DANGEROUSLY PERSONAL! CLEVER, WHAT?



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, REGAN WHIRLS, SENDS A BATTERING RAM BLOW TO THE BUTLER'S JAW--

VERY CLEVER, HUNO! I'LL CONGRATULATE YOU AS SOON AS I PUT YOUR MAN FRIDAY OUT OF THE RUNNING--HE ANNOYS ME!

STOP!
STOP I SAY!!!



WITHOUT LOSING AN INSTANT, REGAN SCOOPS UP THE BUTLER'S GUN, AND WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, SHOOTS HUNO'S REVOLVER OUT OF HIS HAND!

YOU'RE A LITTLE SLOW ON THE DRAW, HUNO!

OWOO!



KEEP 'EM FLYING!!!

OWP!!

YOU IDIOT!!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!!

WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, EH? IT SEEMS THAT I'M DOING A PRETTY GOOD JOB OF PRETENDING, THEN!



AT THAT INSTANT, THE BULL-LIKE FIGURE OF DREHER WHIPS INTO THE HOUSE, AND BEHIND HIM, HIS THREE HENCHMEN...

THERE HE IS! QUICK!
SHOOT HIM!!



AS THE STACCATO COUGHS OF GUNFIRE SEND A RAIN OF BULLETS WHIZZING TOWARD HIM, REGAN SLAMS THE HEAVY DOOR SHUT--THROWS THE BOLT HOME!

WELL, MR. REGAN, IT SEEMS YOUR ACE HAS BEEN TRUMPED, EH?



GRADUALLY, THE HINGES OF THE DOOR GIVE WAY AS DREHER AND HIS MEN BATTER IT---

YOU ARE TRAPPED, MR. REGAN! TRAPPED!!!
THE BARS ON THE WINDOW WON'T PERMIT YOU TO ESCAPE, AND SOON THAT DOOR WILL GIVE! HA-HA! NOT SO SMART NOW, ARE YOU?



I'M NOT LICKED YET! MRS. REGAN'S LITTLE BOY HAS SOME TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE, TOO!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU AND KILL THE SUSPENSE, HUNO? IT'S SO MUCH MORE INTERESTING TO WAIT AND SEE!



CRACKLING FLAMES SNAKE UP WITHIN THE FIREPLACE AS DREHER AND HIS MEN SPILL INTO THE ROOM WITH A RENDING CRASH.

HERE'S HOPING THIS WORKS!



GRAB HIM, YOU FOOLS!!



AS BILLOWS OF ACRID SMOKE POUR OUT OF THE STUFFED FIREPLACE, A SAVAGE BATTLE RAGES BETWEEN THE SPIES AND BART REGAN!

COUGH... COUGH... SOMEBODY..PUT OUT THAT FIRE..COUGH..



THE BATTLE FLARES BUT AN INSTANT BEFORE REGAN IS OVERPOWERED BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS...

GET HIM OUT OF HERE! GET HIM INTO THE HALL...AND SOMEBODY PUT OUT THAT FIRE--COUGH--



BUT AT THAT INSTANT, ON THE STREET...

I'D BETTER SEND IN AN ALARM! JUDGING FROM THAT SMOKE, THE WHOLE HOUSE MUST BE ABLAZE.



WITHIN THE HOUSE, BART REGAN TALKS FAST--DESPERATELY STALLS FOR TIME!

I'M WARNING YOU, HUNO, YOU'RE AT THE END OF YOUR ROPE! SHOOTING ME ISN'T GOING TO SAVE YOU!

BLUFF! YOU CAN'T SCARE ME! AND WHAT EVER IDIOTIC IDEA YOU HAD FOR SMOKING UP THAT ROOM WON'T WORK EITHER!

FOR LONG MINUTES, REGAN MANAGES TO HOLD HUNO'S TRIGGER FINGER--AND THEN...

WHAT'S THAT??

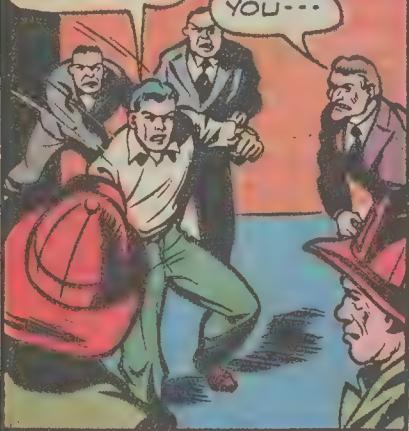
A FIRE ENGINE! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SEEN THE SMOKE AND SENT IN AN ALARM!

WHERE IS WHAT? WHERE IS IT?

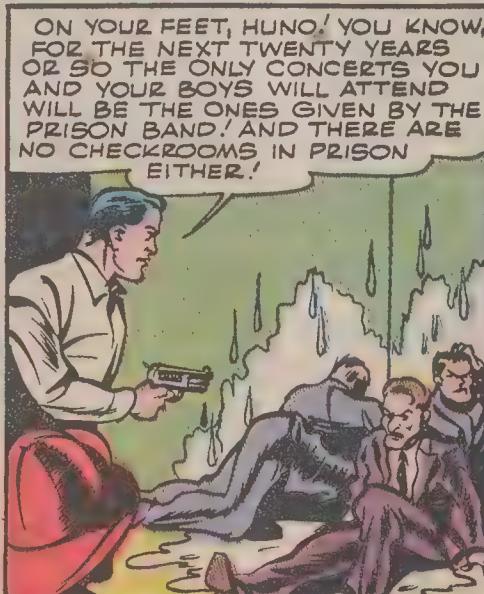
WHERE IS WHAT? THERE'S NO FIRE HERE, YOU FOOLS! GET OUT OF HERE!!



I'M BART REGAN FROM THE SECRET SERVICE! THESE MEN ARE SPIES! CALL THE POLICE!



GOOD WORK, BOYS!



SEE SPY
NEXT MONTH
IN
DETECTIVE
COMICS
FOR ANOTHER
SMASHING,
SENSATIONAL
STORY!!



A MATTER OF LAW

by Dalton Weeks

SHIFTY EGGERS, walking from the courtroom accompanied by Maxon, his lawyer, sneered at Detective Tom Purvis. The eyes, which had given him his nickname darted as he said: "I told you that you'd never make it stick, Purvis. No one's pinning a murder rap on me. I wouldn't be getting bail if I did the job."

"Tut-tut," the unctuous voice of the ferret-voiced mouthpiece interrupted Eggers. "You're not to talk, Shifty. Besides, you're not on trial. Isn't that right, Purvis?"

Tom Purvis' face flushed. The blue ribbon jury, which had managed to indict Shifty in connection with the death of a jewelry salesman in a hotel, hadn't been able to stop a writ of habeus corpus. Shifty now was out on bail.

In court, Shifty had admitted he had been in Caplan's room. "I went to buy some of the stuff," Shifty had said. "And I didn't like it."

Maybe. But three hours later, Caplan, minus the stock he carried, was dead in his room. His stock was gone, and Shifty's card had been in his pocket. Caplan had been knifed to death. There were no signs of a struggle.

"So did I see him after I left his room?" Shifty protested. "I did not." A bell boy had later answered Caplan's call for ice. He had been alive then, testimony showed, and Shifty had long since left.

"That's enough, Shifty," Maxon said. "You don't have to listen to this flatfoot." He held out his cigarette case. "Here, have a smoke, and come on."

"Okay," Shifty glowered. He helped himself to a handful of cigarettes from the tin of fifty the lawyer habitually carried. Maxon grimaced as Shifty transferred his haul to the emp-

ty package. Shifty would toss money around like an inebriated sailor. But he had his little pecadilloes, and smoking other people's cigarettes was one of them. The trait had more than once occasioned jests in the newspapers.

Forehead furrowed in thought, Tom Purvis watched them leave. Then he went off in the direction of the hotel. The newspapers were shouting for action, and the Commissioner was sore. Something would have to be done quickly.

But what? To Tom Purvis, the job had all the earmarks of one of Shifty's rub-outs. And Shifty's alibi was shaping up too well. Out on bail now, he'd have time to tie together the loose ends.

There wasn't much more to be learned at the hotel. The night watchman who had seen Caplan's door open and discovered the body wasn't able to furnish further clues. Wearily, Shifty went to the bellboy's dressing room, intending to quiz again the boy who had answered Caplan's call. He found him being bawled out by the night manager. There was a bandage on the boy's right hand.

"You can't go on duty with that hand like that," the night manager was saying. "Go on and take the night off. If you hadn't been so careless you wouldn't have cut yourself. Now we'll be short."

The boy replied, angrily: "Is it my fault that Shifty breaks a glass table top when he swings a golf club on it? I can't afford to lose this pay." He looked up, seeing Purvis. "Oh, hello, Mr. Purvis."

Purvis took him outside. "What's this about a table top?"

The boy held up his hand. "Oh, sometime this morning, Shifty Eggers had to show how he can swing a golf club. He

breaks a glass top and I have to take it out and throw it away. Now the night boss is sore at me because I fall and cut myself."

Purvis looked at him. "I didn't know Shifty was that crazy about golf." He scratched his head. "I suppose that glass has been disposed of by now?"

"No!" The boy sounded angry. "I put it in the old checkroom back of the main lobby. I was going to get rid of it tonight."

"Okay, let's look at it."

They went to the lobby. Under the glaring light, Purvis studied the glass. There were about six fair sized pieces. Two of them were bloodstained. Purvis looked at these. "You sure must have bled, son," he said sympathetically. "But you look pretty anaemic to me."

"Yeah," the boy said. "I didn't realize it was that bad until Shifty and one of his boys bandaged me up. He's not a bad guy, that Shifty, and he's a good tipper."

Purvis was holding the pieces of glass to the light. It was covered with prints. There was a frowning expression on his face as he tried to piece together the thoughts that were eluding him.

As he put down the glass, he snapped his fingers! Why hadn't he thought of this before? Carefully, he wrapped the broken glass in old newspaper and, accompanied by the boy, went out.

"What again, Purvis?" It was Maxon, standing at the cigar counter. He was slipping a tin of cigarettes into his spacious suit pocket. His eyes went to the bellboy, darted to the package Shifty was carrying. "Still looking for clues?"

Purvis glowered at him. "Maybe," he said curtly. "Maybe not." He heard Maxon's

laughter behind him as he went out.

Until the police lab expert got through, there wasn't anything to do. So Purvis went home to dinner. He was just finishing when the phone rang.

"What?" Purvis cried. "He was surprised to find his heart beating rapidly. "Say that again!"

"They're two different types of blood," the voice said. "And here's something funny, Purvis. You know those prints I made of the dead man?"

"Yes . . . yes . . ." Purvis said impatiently.

"Well, I happened to have them on my work table. And there are prints on this glass top that match them!"

Purvis' face worked as he hung up. So Shifty had lied—he had said he had gone to Caplan's room; but he hadn't mentioned that Caplan had been in his room. Shifty had only gone to the salesman's room to establish an alibi.

"He enticed Caplan there," Purvis muttered, "and killed him. But in the struggle he broke the glass and some of the salesman's blood dripped on it after the knifing." It was plain, then, what followed. Shifty, thinking fast, had called up the boy and, on pretense of helping him, had actually caused the kid to cut his hand. That would explain the blood. And, there was always the chance the boy wouldn't even mention the incident to the police. Shifty's luck had held; at the first questioning the boy hadn't!

Outside, in the kitchen, Purvis heard his wife busy with the dishes. He put on his coat to go out, then stopped.

The very law that he upheld was now going to balk him!

He lowered himself into his chair. There wasn't a chance of the Grand Jury issuing a new indictment tonight. No chance until tomorrow when it would convene and look at this new evidence, evidence sufficient to send Shifty Eggers to the chair where he belonged. A cry came from Purvis' lips

as he suddenly remembered Maxon's interest in the boy. What if Maxon had questioned the bellhop, who, suspecting nothing, talked freely? Maxon surely would see that Shifty lammed out of town. Once away it would be pretty hard to find Shifty.

Disgusted, Purvis reached for his cigarettes. The packet was empty. Glowering at this, he idly turned the packet about in his hands. Well, there was no way out of it: nothing to do but try to put a tail on Shifty. Disinterestedly, his eyes mechanically read the fine print on one side of the cigarette carton. Then they blinked. Why, he'd never noticed this before, Purvis chided himself. If only it weren't too late—

He leaped to the phone. Two minutes later, his startled wife heard the door bang behind her spouse. She wondered what had gotten into Tom.

She would have been more surprised fifteen minutes later, to see him knock on the door of Shifty's apartment suite in the hotel. There was nothing but casualness in his manner, nothing to show the relief he felt when he saw Shifty and Maxon. There were two bags packed, in the center of the room.

Purvis said: "Going some place, Shifty? You're under bail, you know!"

Shifty's glance went to his lawyer, who said oily: "We're well aware of that, Mr. Purvis. But there is no objection to my client visiting my house for the week-end. It's in this state." Meekingly, he added: "I'm surprised that a detective-sergeant so well versed in the law wouldn't know that."

"That's right," Purvis said. "Anyway, I was just checking up, Maxon." He reached into his pockets, brought out a cigarette packet. Then, "Got a cigarette, Shifty? I'm fresh out."

"Sure, help yourself." Shifty threw over a packet. Purvis' pulse leaped as he drew out a cigarette. Just what he had figured! He felt Maxon's eyes

on him.

"Oh, by the way, Shifty," Purvis said. "We'd like to talk to you downtown about some broken glass."

Shifty's body stiffened. His eyes slid to Maxon. "That's out, Purvis," Maxon snarled. "You know Shifty's out on bail."

"He was," Purvis said, laconically. "But now he's pinched again." His gun came out. "Don't move, Shifty. You neither, Maxon."

Shifty's white face was turned to Maxon. The lawyer's eyes were blazing. "I'll get him out, Purvis," he snarled, "no matter what you're trying to pull." He spoke to Shifty. "Go with him. And don't talk. I'll have a habeus corpus in an hour."

Purvis laughed. "Not tonight," he said. His eyes hardened. "I know Shifty is going to jump his bail, as well as you do, because the Grand Jury won't convene until tomorrow. But this little gadget is going to hold him." He held up a cigarette. "This butt I borrowed from Shifty is a Lucky," he said slowly. "But it came from a Philip Morris package."

Maxon's eyes were startled. "So what?"

"Just this," Purvis said, relishing every word. "Listen." Slowly, he read from the side of the package:

"Notice: The manufacturer of the cigarettes herein contained has complied with all the requirements of law. Every person is cautioned not to use either this package for cigarettes again, or the stamp thereon again, nor to remove the contents of this package without destroying said stamp, under the penalties provided by law in such cases."

Purvis looked at the lawyer. His body was shaking. Shifty's eyes were frightened. "I think," Purvis said, "that that'll be sufficient to hold Shifty until tomorrow. After that, the chair will hold him!" He looked at Shifty. "You should have known it's bad to borrow, Shifty," he said, "especially other people's cigarettes!"

AIR WAVE

by Harris

AIR WAVE RULES THE RADIO WAVES. HIS MASTER-RADIO TOUCHES THE LIVES OF MANY SIMPLE FOLK, AND TO THEM AIR WAVE LENDS WELCOME AID IN THEIR TIME OF NEED... AS HE DID WHEN HE TURNED HIMSELF INTO A ONE-MAN BROADCASTING STUDIO IN:

"THE CASE OF THE COUNTRY CROONER!"

OUR STORY BEGINS WITH THE FINISH OF A SINGING CONTEST IN THE MIDDLE WEST...

MR. WESTON, YOU'VE WON THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR FIRST PRIZE FOR YOUR FINE VOICE. GO TO NEW YORK AND MAKE A CAREER THAT WILL MAKE CORN COUNTY PROUD OF YOU!

THE SPONSOR OF THE SUDSY SOAP RADIO SHOW HAS HEARD ABOUT YOU, AND WAITS TO SEE YOU. HERE'S HIS ADDRESS. GOOD LUCK!

SHUCKS... THANKS!

AND THE ROARING TRAIN DRAWS THE COUNTRY CROONER TOWARD HIS NEW CAREER.

HOW COME MR. CHARLES TOLD US TO COME DOWN HERE?

AW, THERE'S ANOTHER SINGER COMIN' INTO TOWN. WE GOTTA SEND HIM BACK WHERE HE CAME FROM! MR. CHARLES DON'T WANT NO SINGERS IN TOWN BUT HIMSELF!



AND AS "TWO-FINGER" WESTON DROPS FROM HIS TRAIN, HE IS SURPRISED BY THE CITY'S WARM WELCOME!

YOU'RE WESTON
THE SINGER,
AIN'TCHA?

WE'RE GONNA
TEACH YOU
HOW TO SING
ANOTHER
TUNE.

H-HEY,
FELLAS!
WHAT'S
THIS?

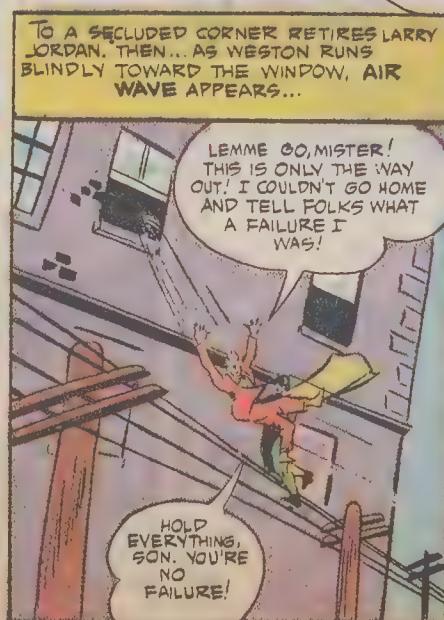
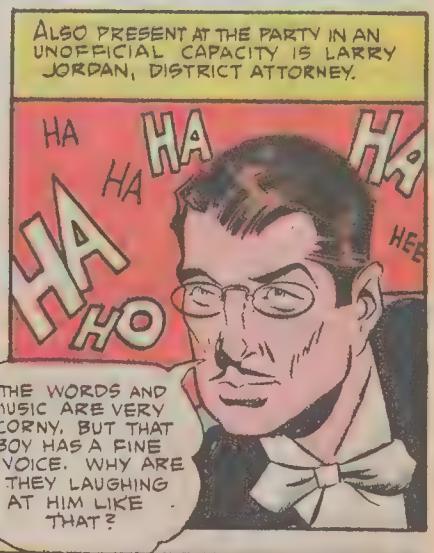
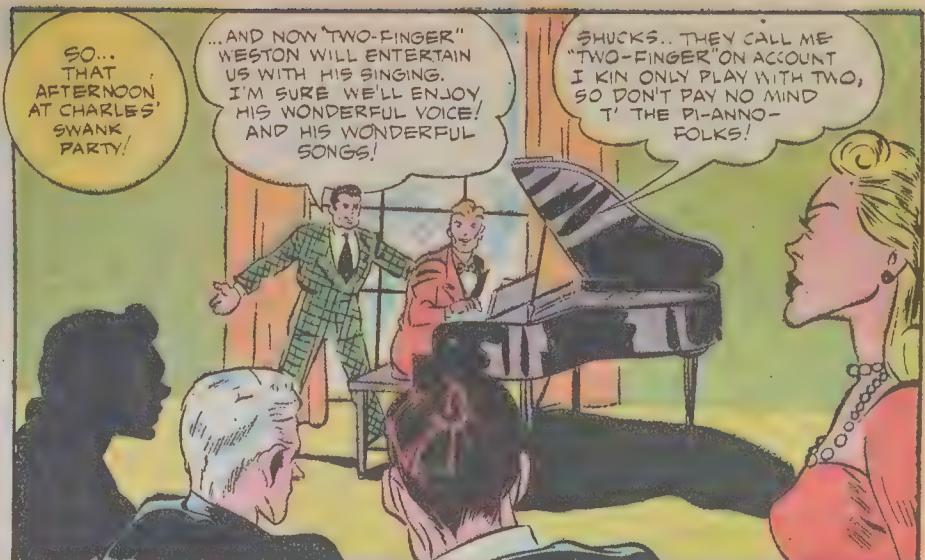
SHUCKS, FELLAS,
IF'N YOU WANT
TO PLAY GAMES,
I GUESS I
KIN
OBLIGE!

SWISH

YOU CITY
FOLK SURE
PLAY FUNNY,
BUT I LEARN
QUICK!

WESTON GETS A FREE "LESSON"...





ON CAT-LIKE, ELECTRIC TREAD, AIR WAVE MOUNTS AGAIN TO CHARLES' WINDOW...

ANY MAN THAT WOULD PULL A PRACTICAL JOKE LIKE THAT NEEDS WATCHING! HEY! CHARLES IS TAKING WESTON'S MUSIC... WHY? I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM!

HIGH OVER THE CITY, AIR WAVE SOARS IN PURSUIT OF THE SUSPICIOUS SINGER...

CHARLES SUCCEEDED IN MAKING WESTON LOOK RIDICULOUS. WHY DID HE DO IT? WHY IS HE TAKING HIS MUSIC?

BEFORE CHARLES CAN REACH THE ELEVATOR, THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS APPEARS.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR CRUST, CHARLES. FIRST, YOU HUMILIATE POOR WESTON... NOW YOU RUSH OVER HERE TO SELL THE MUSIC YOU STOLE FROM HIM!

ME STEAL WESTON'S MUSIC? DON'T BE SILLY! IT ISN'T WORTH A NICKEL. I JUST TOOK IT FOR LAUGHS!

THEN WHY DID YOU RUSH TO THE MUSIC STUDIO?

CHARLES IS ACTING TOO TENSE AND NERVOUS! I'D BETTER TUNE IN ON HIM AND FIND OUT WHAT'S COOKING...

BECAUSE I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT HERE WITH MY RADIO SPONSOR. SO LONG, AIR WAVE!

AIR WAVE'S SENSITIVE RADIO TRANSMITTER PICKS UP A CONVERSATION FROM A METAL COIN...

NO WONDER CHARLES LOOKED NERVOUS! HE'S AFRAID 'TWO-FINGER' WESTON WILL GET HIS JOB! WESTON HAS A FINE VOICE... EXACTLY WHAT THE SPONSOR WANTS!

YOU MEAN, 'I'M THROUGH?'

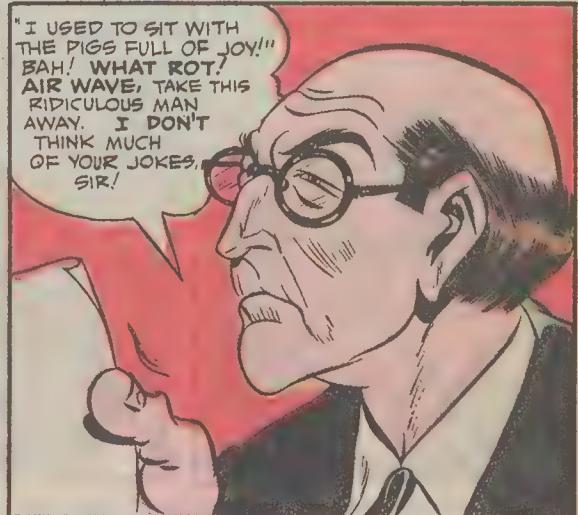
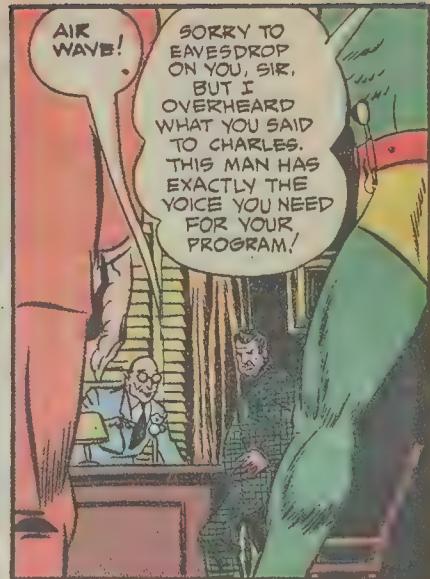
BACK ACROSS THE CITY STREAKS AIR WAVE...

WESTON'S AT THE HOLLENS HOTEL... IF I CAN GET HIM THIS JOB, IT'LL SQUARE UP FOR THE TRICK CHARLES PLAYED ON HIM!

THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON PRODUCES AIR WAVE'S MAGNETIC CLIMBING PLATES! LIKE A HUMAN FLY, HE SCALES THE METAL DRAIN PIPE..



WITH STEEL-STRONG MUSCLES, AIR WAVE WHISKS WESTON TO THE RADIO SPONSOR.





BUT THE BATTLE HAS BATTERED THE BROADCAST EQUIPMENT TO BITS!

SHUCKS, I GUESS I NEVER WILL GET TO DO ANYTHING IN THIS HERE CITY.

YOU'VE GOT A FINE VOICE, WESTON, AND YOU'RE GOING TO SING FOR THE ENTIRE CITY! SING INTO MY MICROPHONE!

QUIET PLEASE



FAR FLUNG BY AIR WAVE'S POWERFUL TRANSMITTER, WESTON'S VOICE SINGS TO THE CITY FROM EVERY BIT OF METAL...



SINCE YOU ARE GONE...

FATE, EH? THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE EVER BEEN CALLED THAT, EH, STATIC?

EVEN TO THE SPONSOR OF THE SUDSY SOAP PROGRAM.



THAT'S THE MAN FOR OUR RADIO SHOW! I'VE GOT TO SIGN HIM UP AT ONCE!

AND SO...



RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGIN' MAN, THIEF ... THEY'VE ALL HEARD FROM AIR WAVE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER! AND SO WILL YOU AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ...

Detective Comics!

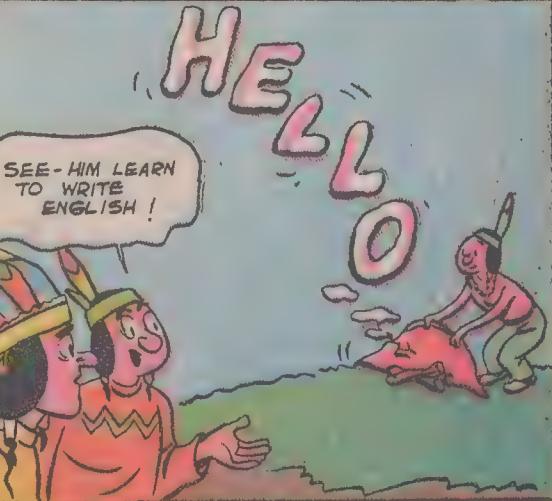
CHIEF Hot Foot

HEMIS
BOLTH OFF

CHIEF HOT FOOT - COME
QUICK.. SEE-UM WHAT MY
BROTHER DO WITH SMOKE
SIGNALS !



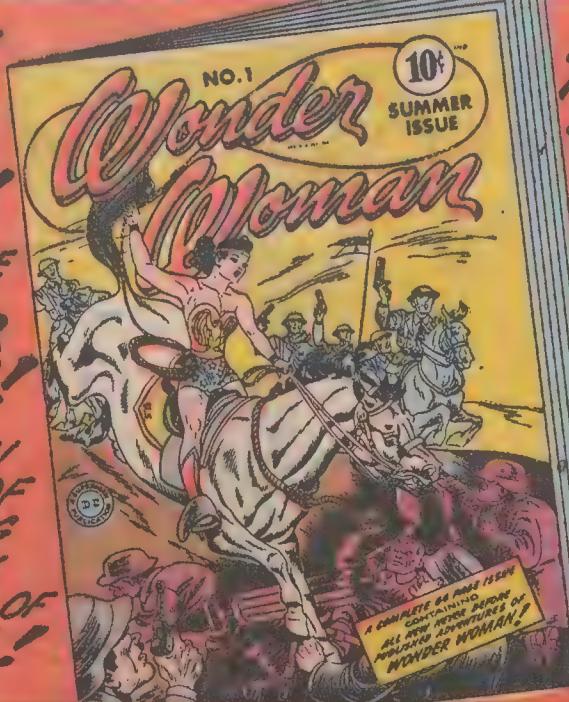
CHIEF - OH, CHIEF !



HERE
IT IS,
BOYS
AND GIRLS!

THE FIRST ISSUE
OF
**WONDER
WOMAN!**

IN LESS THAN
A YEAR - ONE OF
THE LEADING
COMIC-BOOK
CHARACTERS OF
AMERICA !



YOU'LL LOVE
HER MORE
THAN EVER
IN THESE
NEW
NEVER-BEFORE
PUBLISHED
EPISODES.



EDITED BY
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FORMER WORLD'S
TENNIS CHAMPION

8

NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE !



ANOTHER FIT COMPANION TO THE OTHER
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SLAM BRADLEY

SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, PRIVATE DETECTIVES, HAVE PROBABLY KNOCKED OUT A FEW BUSHELS OF TEETH IN THE COURSE OF THEIR MANY CASES! BUT THEY NEVER THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT DENTISTRY AS A CAREER UNTIL SHORTY'S TOOTHACHE LANDED THEM NECK-DEEP IN THE BIZARRE AND BAFFLING

"CASE OF THE WHISTLING TOOTH"!!!

LIKE A LOT OF US,
SHORTY IS BRAVE
ENOUGH---EXCEPT
WHEN IT COMES TO
FACING A DENTIST!!

AW, LISTEN, SLAM!
HONEST, IT DOESN'T
HURT ANY MORE---
MUCH! LET'S WAIT
TILL MOR---!!

DRY UP,
PEE WEE!
I'VE STOOD
FOR YOUR
MOANING
AROUND ALL
I'M GOING
TO! YOU'RE
HAVING THAT
TOOTH PULLED
TONIGHT!!

DON'T YOU KNOW
MODERN DENTISTRY
IS PAINLESS??

OH,
YEAH??

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE
GOING TO TELL ME
THAT'S JUST STATIC
ON THE DOC'S
RADIO!!!

THE DOC
MUST BE
PRACTISING
A NEW
HOLD.....!!!

*OUCH!
EEK!

HALP!

L. BULLIT,
DENTIST.
ENTRANCE

IF THAT'S HOW
HE EXTRACTS
TEETH, I'M
GOING HOME!

HOLD IT,
SQUIRT! THERE
MUST BE SOME
KIND OF TROUBLE
UP THERE!
COME ON.....!!



SLAM IS RIGHT!.... AND SHORTY'S
TOOTHACHE IS FORGOTTEN AS
THE TWO BURST IN ON A
ROOMFUL OF TROUBLE AND
TURMOIL!

GRAB HIM,
LEFTY! BEAT
HIS BRAINS
OUT!

GET AWAY
FROM ME!
**HELP!
POLICE!**

HANG ON,
DOC! THE
MARINES
HAVE
LANDED!!!

THE BOYS HAVE
NEVER LOST A
CASE-OR A FIGHT.
YET!!

HOW
ABOUT
FOOT???

... AND HAVE
THE SITUATION
WELL IN HAND--
OR SHOULD I
SAY FIST??

HERE'S NEWS,
SLAM! TEETH
BITE MAN!

OW!
LEGGO
BY DOSE!!

YOU'LL FEEL
YEARS YOUNGER
WITH THOSE BAD
TEETH OUT,
PAL!

GONK!!
YOU'RE
THPOILING
MY
LOOKTH!!

INHALE DEEPLY,
FRIEND! THAT'S
RIGHT----!!

UM-M-M!
CLUB!
PHFFFF!!!

LAUGHING
GAS

HEE
HEE!
EXIT
LAUGHING!!
HO
HO!

NEED ANY
HELP, OL' CHUM,
OL' PAL???

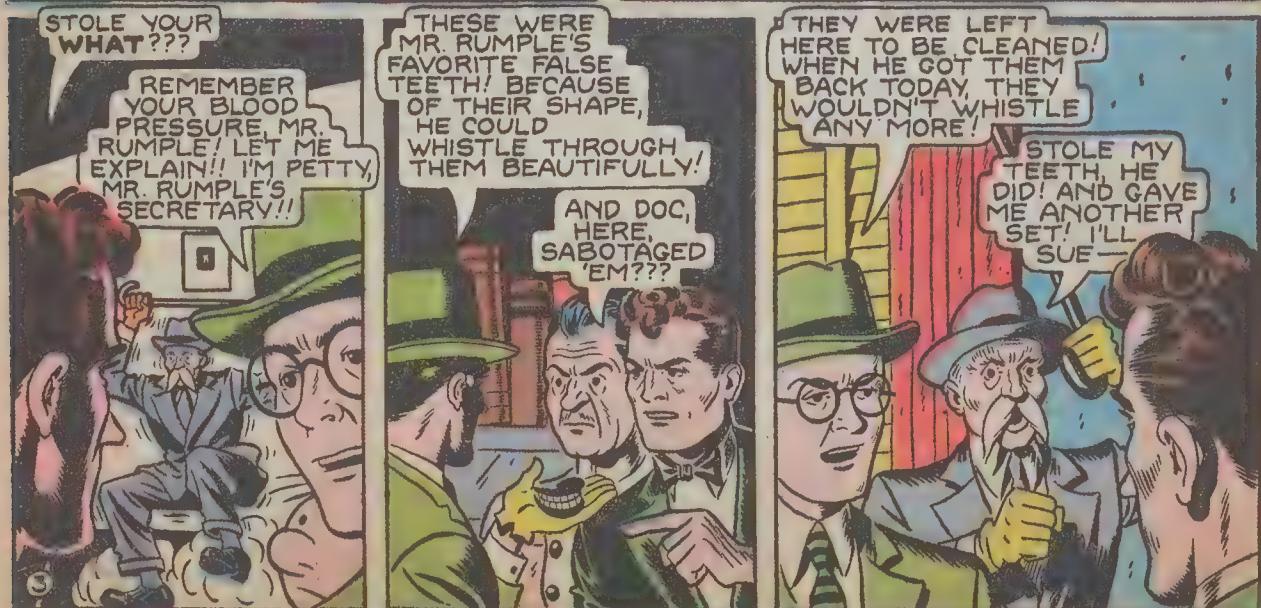
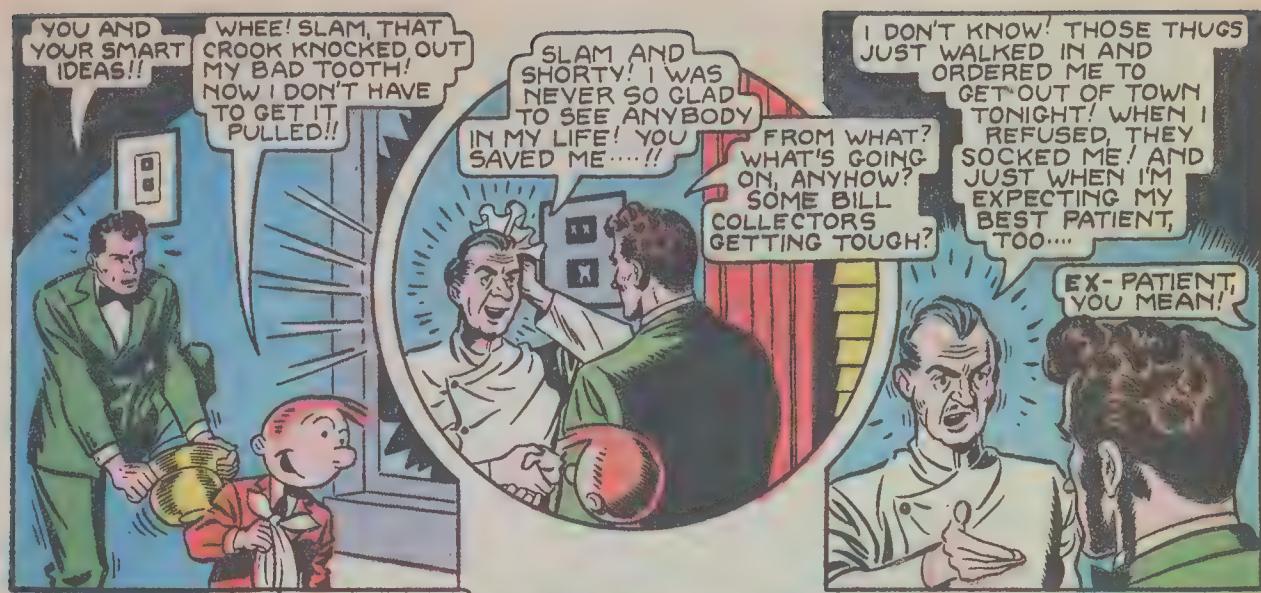
NO-
PUFF!
JUST-
PUFF-
KEEP OUT-
PUFF-OF
THE WAY!!

BUT THE IRREPRESSIBLE
SHORTY CAN'T STAND
IDLY BY!

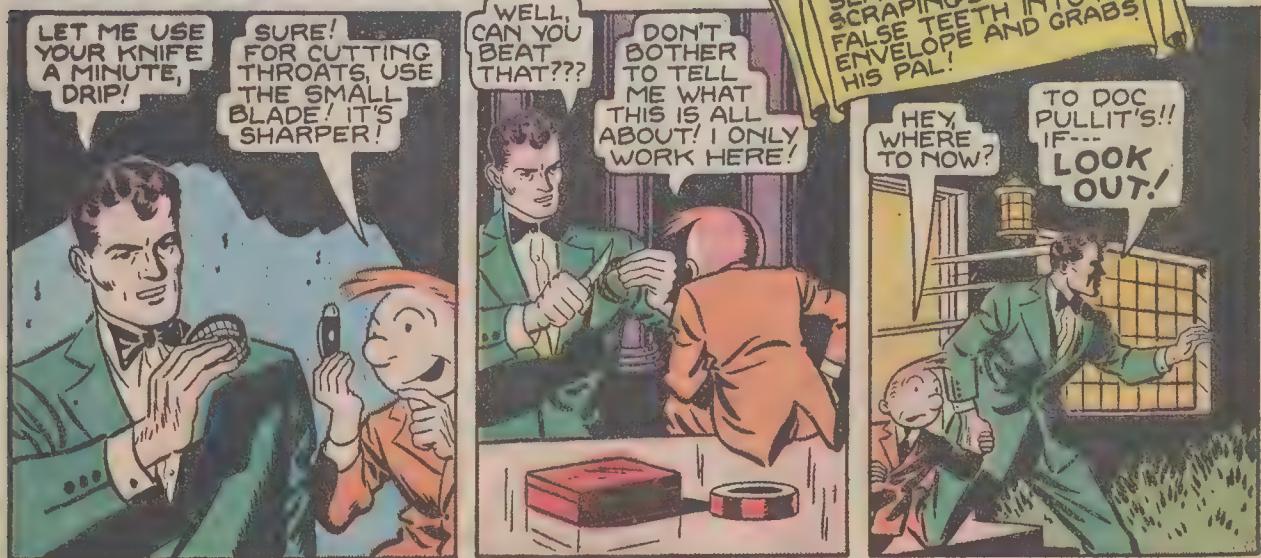
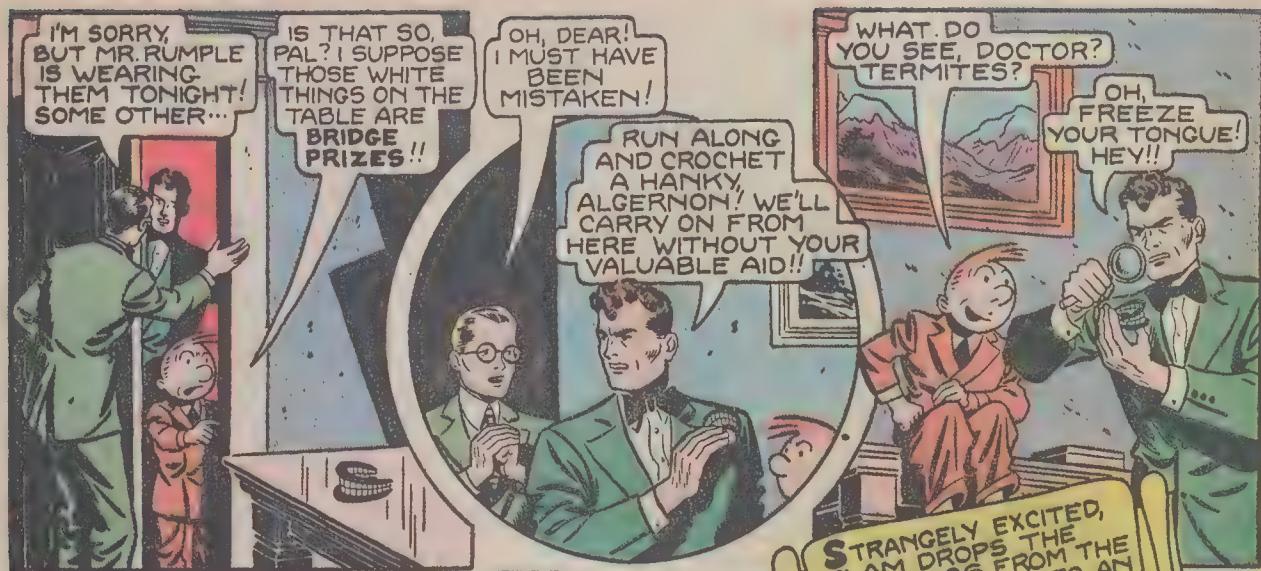
HEY!

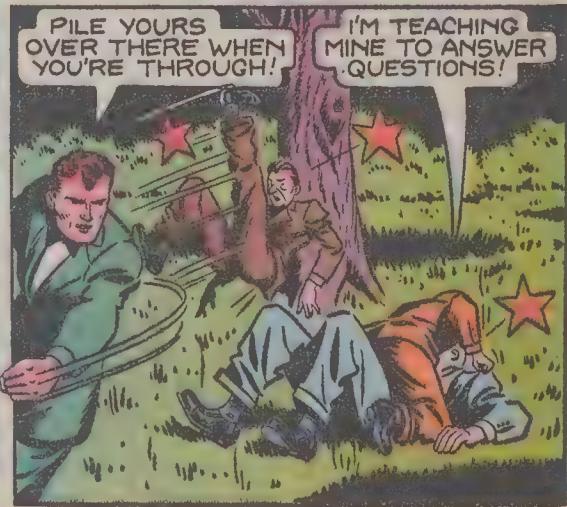
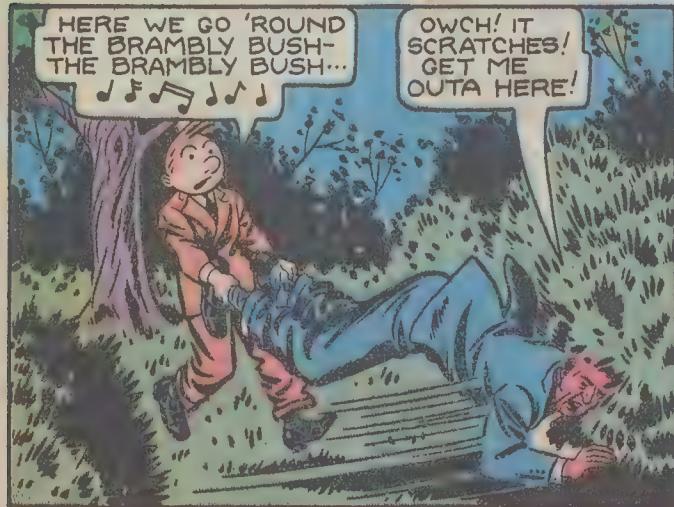
MIND IF I CUT
IN, BOYS?

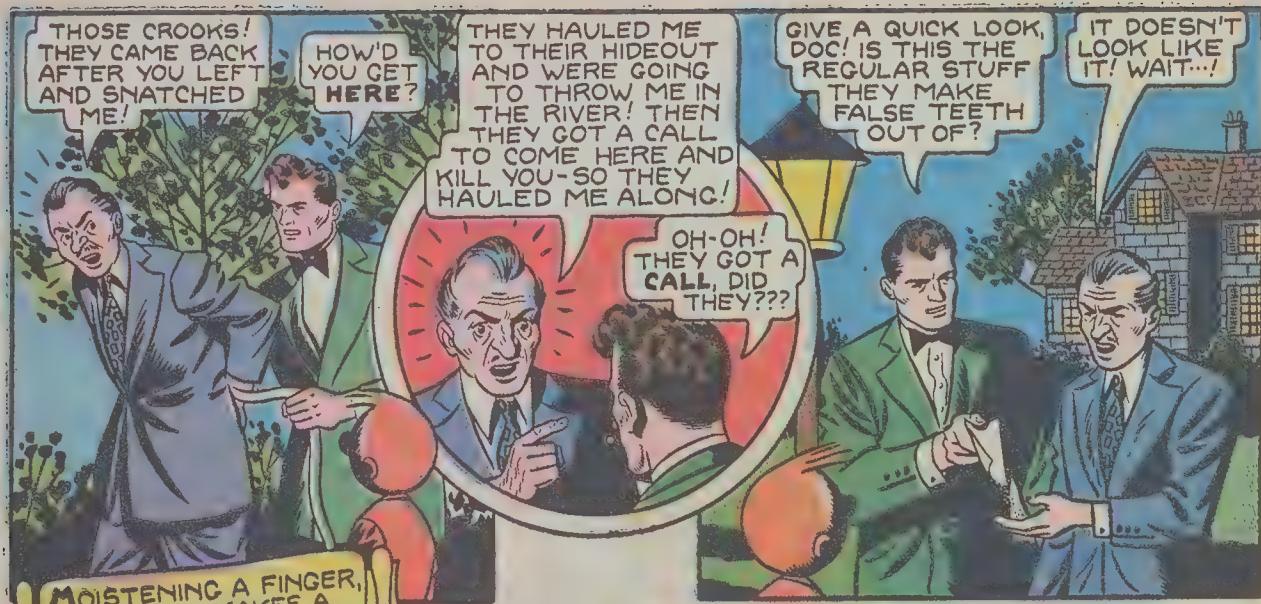
YEEE
OOOW!!!

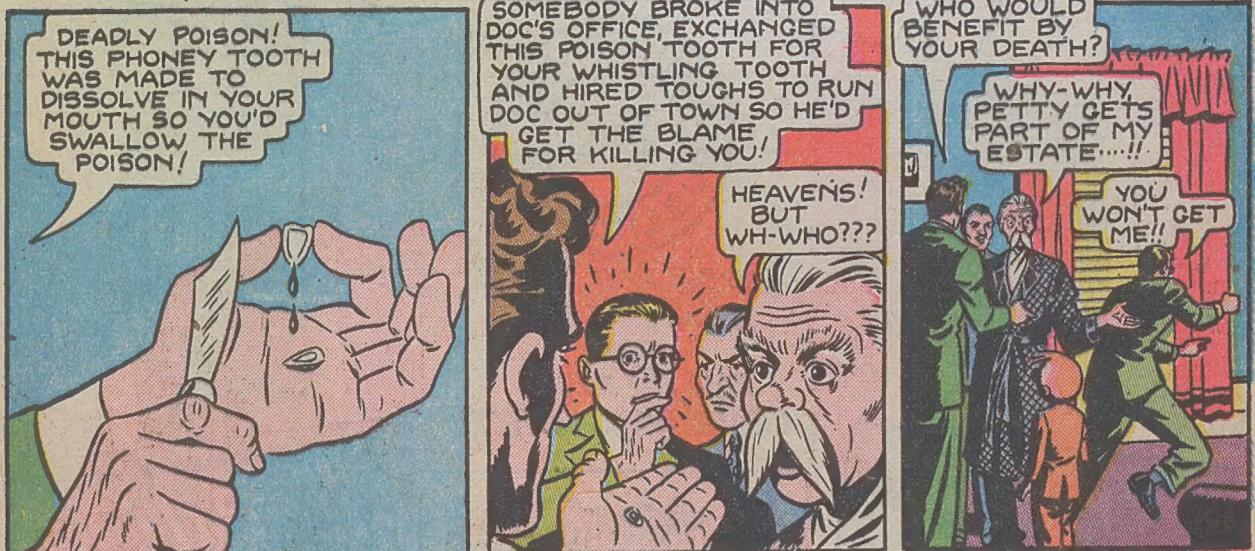


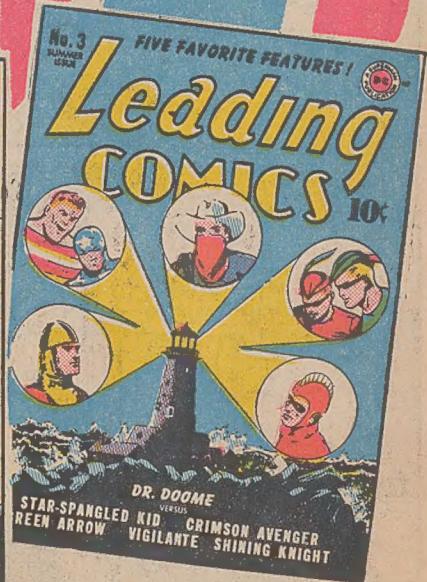
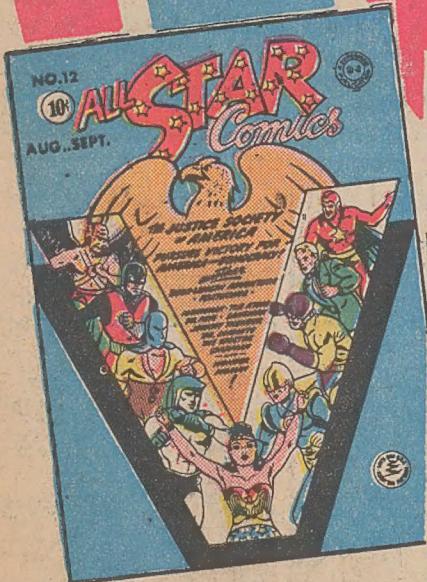
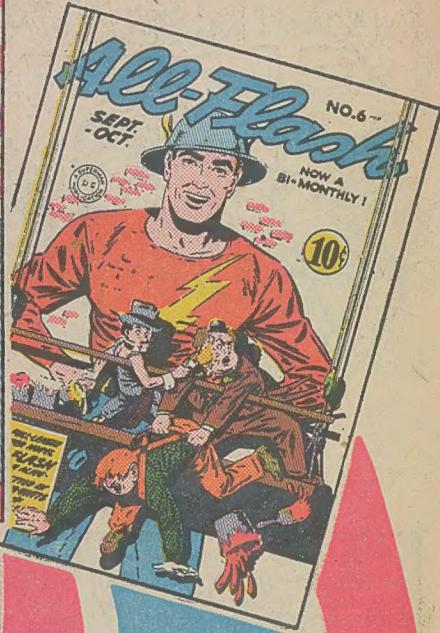












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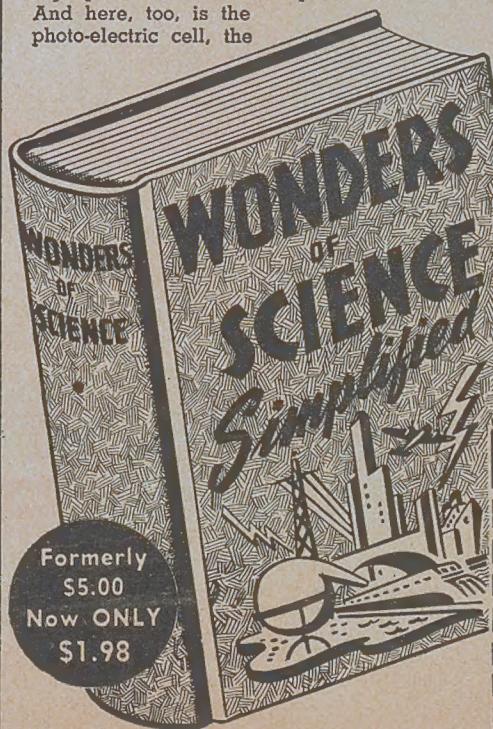
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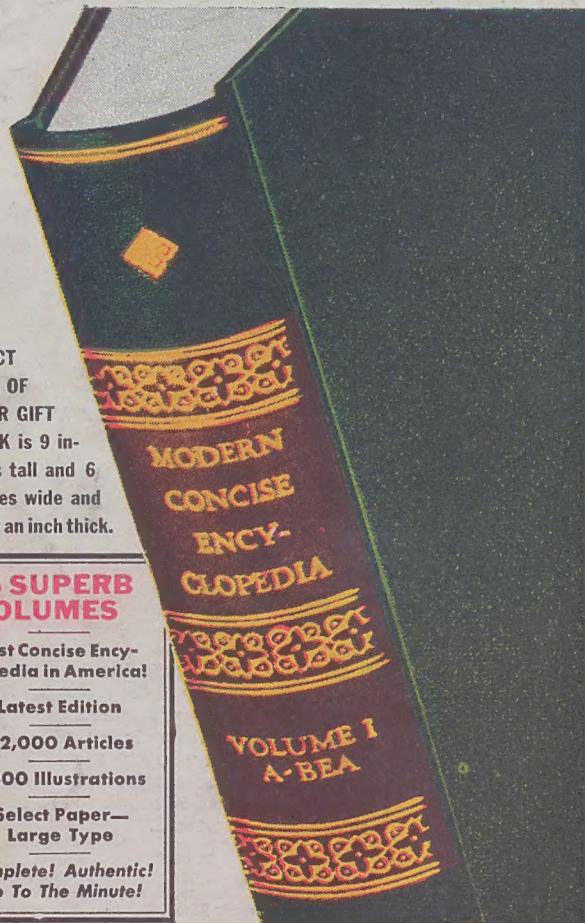
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